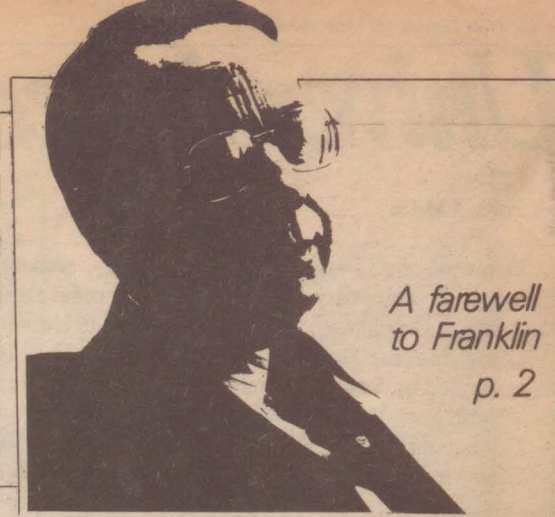


the summer Lance

University of Windsor, Volume I, Number 1, 30 May 1984



A farewell
to Franklin
p. 2



You're not going to believe this, but in addition to the *Lance's* spectacular foray into summer publishing, the Windsor/Detroit area is already awash with an infinite overdose of warm-weather festivities.

The word goes something like this: your wacky daydreams of vernal wildness that once lit up the institutionalized drabness of February lecture halls and Leddy Library blues, are due to be jubilantly realized.

In the breezy but heat-ridden haze of June, July, and August there will be concerts, there will be rock, opera, jazz, and new wave. And not to forget that there will be theatre, and art, and film, and the riverfront Freedom Festival and people all over the place.

Having acquired a new image in the past few years, the International Freedom Festival, celebrating Can-American liberty and good relations between our peoples, will once again kick off the summer months with three weeks of exhilarating events filling the riverfront and centretown areas.

The festivities start, unofficially, on June 21st when the Conklin Carnival lights turn on and the cards and cash start to exchange hands at the Las Vegas Casino in Cleary Auditorium.

Official opening ceremonies, however, take place the next evening at 5 p.m. at Dieppe Park where this year there will be the added feature of Ontario Premier William Davis and Michigan's Governor Blanchard on view to delight their roadies and fans alike. The familiar sight of balloons scattering in the sky should be a fine counterpoint to the politicians on view.

Then from there, head towards the tunnel bus station and make your way to Tiger Stadium where *Windsor Night* gets underway at 7:30 p.m. as Detroit hosts Milwaukee. If baseball's not upbeat enough to tease your hormones, earlier in the day you might look to participate in some funky street dancin' due to begin at noon outfront of Poncho Mulligan's. Peachy's Restaurant Lounge is planning the same thing only their's will be held on Canada Day following the annual parade down Ouellette.

The annual bed races will take place in front of Peachy's at 1 p.m. and, as usual, the sights should be good for a guffaw. For the athletes of the city (or anyone willing to risk more than bed racing), Johnson Sports is sponsoring Windsor's first triathlon at 10 in the morn, same day. In this event, contestants must swim a kilometer, cycle 40 km's, and run another 12, one right after the other. The number of entries is limited to 125 at \$26.00 each.

July 2nd will be the day when the fireworks ignite in the skies over the Detroit River, so once again be ready to go into combat for a parking spot or maybe even some standing room. By the way, don't ask why the fireworks were not scheduled on the first; it would be too logical to celebrate a holiday on the actual day of the event.

That, in a nutshell, is what's in store for this year's Freedom Festival. But until then there is always the ethnic festivals at Detroit's Hart Plaza every weekend, each with great food and interesting characters. Windsor's ethnic festivals begin in mid-June so keep posted and immerse yourself in a little culture.

("Summer in Windsor" continued on page 4.)

Chrétien seeks Windsor's support

by Philip Rourke

First ballot votes are all locked up in Windsor for the June 16th Liberal leadership convention, but candidate Jean Chrétien was in town last Wednesday nevertheless. He is hoping that his appearance at the Cleary Auditorium will win him some second or third ballot support if the election of Canada's Liberal leader is not decided on the first one.

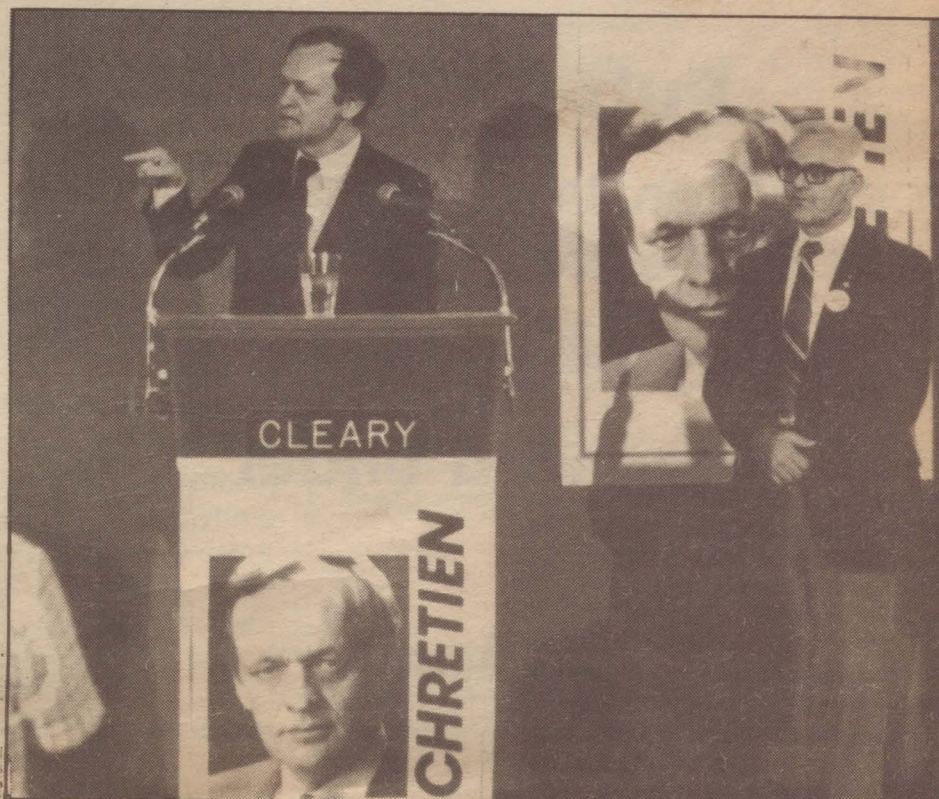
His approach was abrupt and frank: "I hope that some of you will vote for me, but if you can't, then I'll understand." His characteristic scrappy, streetfighting style, heavily hued with patriotism and nationalism, was clearly evident during his speech and the question period that followed, from his attacks on the Tories to his reference to Canada as "The Promised Land."

Chrétien is very confident that he can win both the Liberal leadership and a national election. Proud and self-assured, Chrétien stated: "Can I beat Brian Mulroney? I have a dream—give me seven weeks one on one with Brian Mulroney." He is just as completely convinced that "the man who wins the Liberal

leadership will win the next election."

He had kind words for both of Windsor's Liberal leadership candidates, Mark MacGuigan and Eugene Whelan, and frequently stressed his good friendship with Windsor's former Liberal cabinet minister Paul Martin. (The delegates from Windsor's three ridings have already committed themselves on the first ballot: Whelan's riding will vote for him, MacGuigan's delegates will also vote for their present federal representative, and Herb Gray's supporters in West-Windsor have committed themselves to John Turner.)

Not unlike the majority of the speeches he has given throughout his campaign, Chrétien stressed his fervent pride in Canada, his ability to lead his party in the liberal tradition, and his bilingualism. Just as pronounced was his habitual use of jokes to keep the crowd's energy level high. An example of this was his joke "Unlike the Tories, I only speak out of one side of my mouth," which has been used in the House of Commons, in Calgary, in Halifax, and now in Windsor. Even if they had heard the jokes before, the crowd applauded and laughed approvingly, sensing that their vision of a Canadian leader was standing before them.



Chrétien: "Unlike the Tories, I only speak out of one side of my mouth."

Lance Photo by Phil Rourke

University community honours Franklin

by John Liddle

A crowd of 235—administrators, faculty, students, and friends of the university—attended a Testimonial Dinner for Dr. Mervyn Franklin, outgoing President of the University of Windsor, this past Thursday evening at Vanier Hall. It was a night marked by revelry, camaraderie, tributes (and jests) for Dr. Franklin.

Chancellor Richard Rohmer's notorious wit was much in evidence during the introductions, and it served to lend a colloquial air that undercut the sobriety of the proceedings—this was to be, as was soon evident, more of a roast than a high-handed tribute.

W.O. Mitchell's speech was one of the evening's highlights. He professed his admiration of Dr. Franklin's candour, and his steadfast desire to ensure that the function of the university is to "help the young examine their lives." In a lighter moment, he added that universities "hold an umbrella over scientists and artists....and perhaps Mr. Halberstadt and the *Windsor Star* are aware of that, although I doubt it—nor will I take a class in Oriental cooking!" he charged.

Gift-giving followed. SAC President David Laird presented Dr. Franklin with an underwater flashlight—a "perceptive gift," Franklin noted, in reference to his affinity for scuba diving. Craig Boyer, President of the Alumni Association, presented Dr. Franklin with a sleek Eskimo carving, and Dr. Franklin, in the tone of sincerity and humbleness that has marked his tenure, gave thanks to the Alumni Association for their fine work, as well as to SAC and the students—"the prime concern of this university....and I must say I'm glad



Lance Photo by John Liddle
Dr. Mervyn Franklin, President of the University of Windsor for the last six years, unveils his portrait during a tribute last Thursday evening in Vanier Hall.

you've survived a second term!" Franklin quipped, referring to Laird's re-election and his (Franklin's) lack of a contract renewal.

Chairman of the Board of Governors, John Brockenshire unveiled Brenda Bury's portrait of Dr. Franklin, a stunning, colourful, and large canvas depicting Dr. Franklin in full

academic regalia, exhibiting a resourceful and stately pose.

Dr. Franklin then took to the lectern, and the standing ovation was not so much in order as it was an honest tribute to the man who had captained the ship of the university for the past six years. His speech was a superb and entertaining mix of philosophy, wit, and gratitude. "For those who have worked with me over the past six years," Franklin said, "who many times have gone that extra mile and sacrificed their own priorities for the priorities of the institution, I offer my heartfelt thanks."

Franklin felt that the greatest thing he had learned over the course of his presidency was the importance of perception. "Having lived in the goldfish bowl for six years, I have learned that what people perceive you are doing is more important than what you do." When one aspires to the presidency, Franklin noted, "yesterday's drinking buddy can become today's adversary."

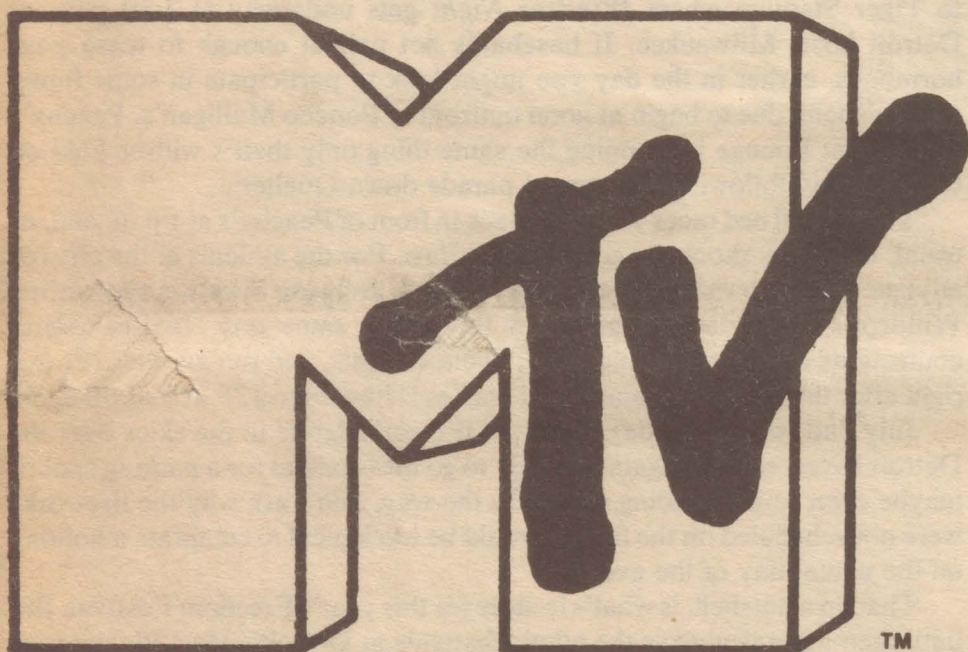
He added that he was looking forward to getting back to teaching (Dr. Franklin is a biochemist) after his long respite, "where weekends begin on Thursday afternoon, and go until Tuesday, and where there's only nine hours of work a week."

He tossed a few barbs in as well. "A dean," he said, "is a person too dumb to be a professor, and too smart to be a president;" and of Richard Rohmer, a novelist in his own right, Franklin retorted: "Do you think he would get tenure in our English Department?"

In all, the evening was a fine tribute to a fine man. For a full retrospective of Dr. Franklin's tenure as President, see the next issue of *the Summer Lance*.



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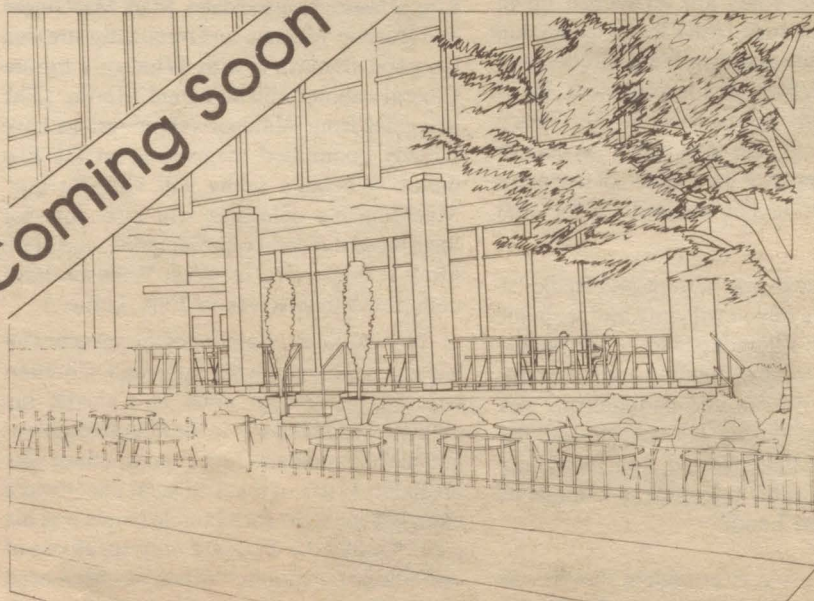
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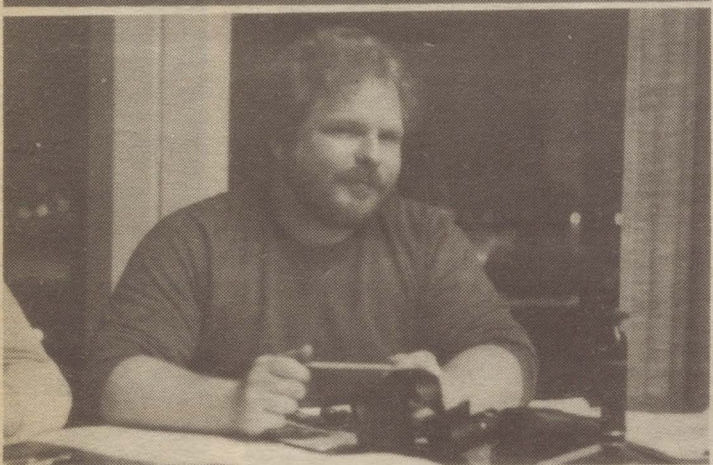
Coming soon



An artist's conception of the new patio pub.

Editorial

The brightest smiles in town



Well, we're back. We couldn't get enough of the Tuesday-three-o'clock-in-the-blessed-morn ritual, so we tried to extend out drawn cheeks, sagging eyes and sagging marks into the off-season.

So this is *The Summer Lance*, hopefully the first of a familiar May-August institution. As you'll no doubt soon ascertain, it is a truncated eight page bi-weekly suckling of our regular product, but put together just as deftly by a small army of submissive volunteers. Dealing less with heavy-handed news, the paper is more oriented to the arts, entertainment, feature stories, and the usual assortment of ephemeral information—in other words, seasonal appetizers to prevent you from academic overindulgence and inevitable stupor.

We are, in order of appearance, Glenn Warner, John Slama, Lorenzo Buj, Peter Freele, John May, and Denise Parent. Warner's megalomania as an independent film producer has spilled over into *The Summer Lance*, but he started to lose his directorial control when he found out the pictures don't move. Slama, the latest in a long line of multi-talented Slamas, is a Slama with a flair for news, sports, and parking under the starling-infested Ambassador Bridge. Culture-merchant Buj has been the *Lance's* Arts Editor and conscience for as long as anyone can remember and refuses to be dislodged for at least a couple of more decades. Freele is a man with priorities (sort of) mixed—he doesn't know whether to bow to the gospel according to Gil Scott-Heron or fly around Ontario courtesy of his cushy Cable TV job. May, the darling of the Tom Cruise set, will in between lugubrious layout/graphics sessions try to entertain the fancy of any nubile who'll let him pose on her car. The beautiful tan at the bottom, Denise, thrives on the thrills of sauna relaxation while contemplating how to attract advertisers. You'll even find her phone number in the adjacent masthead.

The backbone of the *Lance*, however, is, as usual, the nocturnal masochist who frequents our lair, be it a Pallisco, McGrath, Rourke, Liddle, Kosanovic, Petro, Atkinson, or Markiewicz, but for whom, etc. etc. If you, dear reader, would like to give us any suggestions or assistance, feel free to drop by the office anytime and keep us informed. If you've never heard the suffering in children's voices, try visiting late on layout night when those myopic mutant camels called editors scurry about spilling coffee on the flats and retreading bad grammatical habits.

We remain, your servants, the *Lance*.

the summer Lance

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The Summer Lance is published every other Thursday during the intercession and summer semesters. Opinions expressed in *The Summer Lance* are those of the student writer and not necessarily those of the University of Windsor or the Students Administrative Council.

Letters

Indifferent insensitivity

Dear Editor:

Last Friday (April 27) when I was at the King Wah restaurant, my wallet and identification were stolen. This by itself was upsetting to me but not as upsetting as the reaction of some of the people there. I was quite unprepared for their indifferent insensitivity. An announcement was made about my stolen wallet. A guy who does not even know me shouted, "It serves the bitch right for getting it stolen." Some people laughed when he said this.

No, I did not expect everyone to come rushing to my side just because my identification had been stolen but they didn't have to be so callous and jeering, either. A crime had been committed and people were treating it as a joke. If people *laugh* at the victims instead of trying to help them, then no *wonder* crime is so rampant.

Irena Mistautas,
Business Student

You and whose army?

Dear Editor:

As a student whose fees go to support the Student Media Services, including *The Lance*, I would like it noted that I believe deeply in the value of independent student news media. Yet, when I pay for something, I expect to get it.

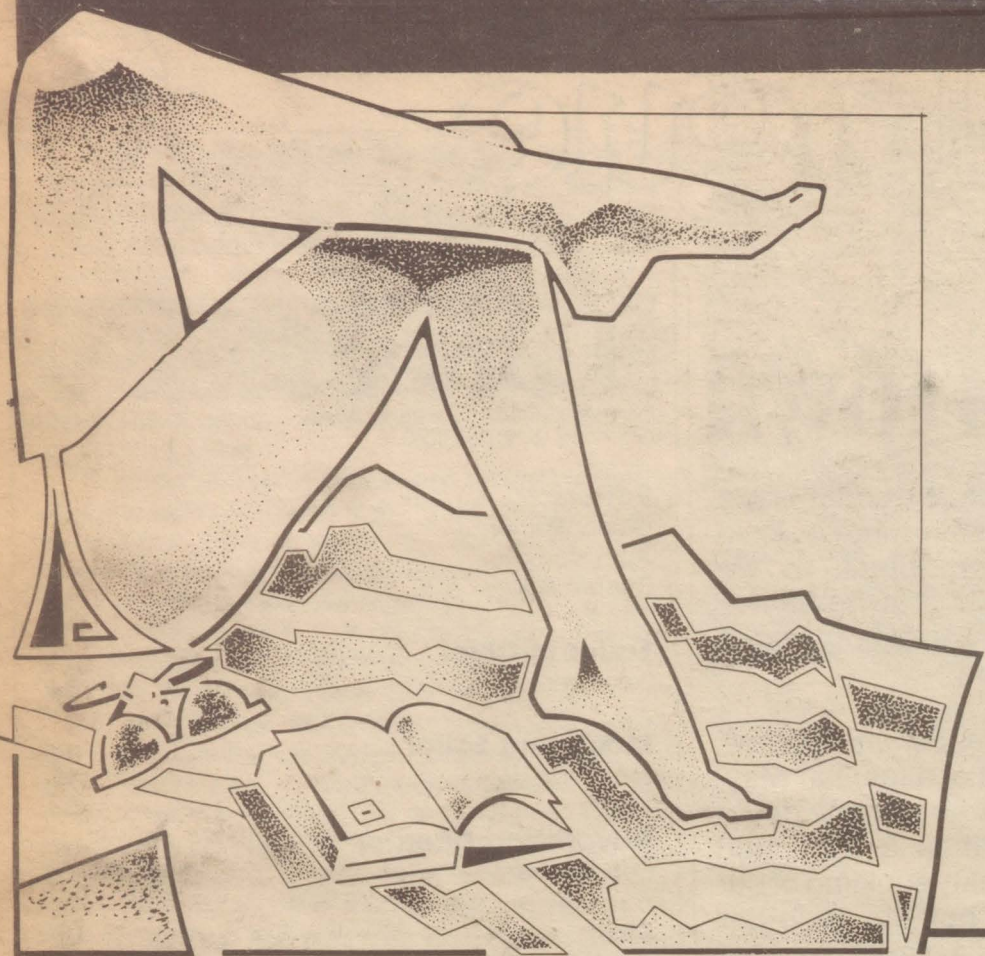
I am speaking, of course, of *The Summer Lance*. I recall when SAC accepted the proposal to have *The Lance* publish throughout the summer I eagerly (dare I say pantingly?) awaited the first issue.

Well, I am still awaiting, after weeks since my last *Lance* fix. I am off my food. How can you do this to one of your most loyal readers? I've been lowered to re-reading old news, and as you know, old news is worse than no news at all.

I fear I may have to fire-bomb you if you don't get the ol' presses a-printing. So take that not as a threat, but as a friendly word of encouragement. Save your lives, dogs!

Love and kisses,
Kevin Johnson

A letter to the Editor should be limited to 500 words or less. They may be submitted to the *Lance* office directly or dropped off at the *Lance's* mailbox at the SAC office on the second floor of the University Centre during normal business hours. *The Lance* reserves the right to edit all letters for libel and space. All letters must be signed.



The only way to tread the watershed glut of commercial give-the-kiddies-what-they-think-they-want movie producer mentality (which is already cascading your way in the form of Shabba Doo), is to habituate Windsor's alternative and repertory cinemas—which, of course, means those commendable and complementary houses, the venerable Palace and the fledgling Windsor Film Theatre.

This week we are inundated with Canadiana as *Maria Chapdelaine*, *The Tin Flute*, and *Latitude 55*, all lumber into Windsor at the same time (see page 7). If you plan to squeeze all of them in by the weekend like I do, recommend yourself to Jeanne Sauvé as a Member of the Order of Canada. You've only got three nights within which to see them.

If you're busy this week, not to worry. Subsequent Windsor/Detroit premières in the months ahead should be enough to whet your film glands.

The British are coming to the Palace in their oh so aimlessly refreshing approach. A long overdue Bill Forsyth double bill has been scheduled, showcasing his very ordinary and very humorous Scottish vignettes, *Gregory's Girl* and *Local Hero*. Peter Duffell's *Experience Preferred....But Not Essential*, a close Welsh cousin to Forsyth's casual character studies, should not be far behind (or ahead). If you don't believe the British are back, consider the best picture Oscars in '82 and '83, and four of the five best actor nominees in '84.

Another strange...
Like a Wheel, a...
Rod Association...
five year struggle...

The French, the...
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Yours. Moon, a...
second cinematic...
and sultry Nastaski...

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(Personally, I thiner...

UNSPASHSUM

DANCE OPERA THEATRE

Speaking of culture, there should be no problem finding things to do or performances to take in when it comes to theatre, opera, or dance this summer.

George Neilson's Performing Arts Windsor, working out of our University's Essex Hall Theatre, will be mounting three plays. To start things off a British sex farce swoops in with *Move Over Mrs. Markham* (June 14-17 and June 21-24). This is followed by the jolting rape and retribution drama of *Extremities* (July 5-8 and 12-15) which then gives way to the summer finale, *I'm Not A Legend: Vince Lombardi* (July 19-22 and 26-29). All performances begin at 8:00 p.m. For information call (519)-253-4565.

University of Detroit's Hilberry Theatre (corner of Cass and Hancock) is putting on five shows in five weeks. *Cole* (opening July 5), an entertainment based on the words and music of Cole Porter, will alternate with the suspense melodrama *A Murder Has Been Arranged* (opening July 11) on Hilberry's main stage. Alan Ayckbourn's hit British comedy, *Relatively Speaking* (opening July 5), will rotate in the downstairs Studio Theatre with *The Prodigals* (opening July 11), which was produced in 1975 by New York's famous Negro Ensemble Company. *Flashback* (opening July 11), produced especially for children, will be performed at matinees on the main stage. For more information call (313)-577-2972.

There's also Detroit's Attic Theatre, 525 E. Layfayette, which is showcasing Sam Shepard's playful Western comedy *True West* (now through July 7) and Mark Rozovsky's *Strider*, an adaptation of a Tolstoy allegory (July 13-August 25). Information at (313)-963-7789.

The Detroit Repertory Theatre, 13103 Woodrow Wilson, is currently showing Alan Friedman's 1906 immigrant drama *A Day Out Of Time*. It runs through June 24, and information is available at (313)-868-1347.

Meanwhile two of the big out of town guns, the Stratford and Shaw Festivals are both underway.

Shaw's *Devil's Disciple*, Wilder's *Skin of Our Teeth*, and Coward's *Private Lives* are among the performances already on at Niagara-on-the-Lake. Of the three, *Private Lives* closes early on August 5 while the others run into October. For information on these and other plays write to: The Shaw Festival Box Office, P.O. Box 774, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont. L0S 1J0. Telephone orders at (416)-468-3201.

Stratford's 32nd season is overflowing with more real fine stuff. Your best bet would be to visit our University Centre desk or the Drama building and pick up a free festival booklet. Among the delights are *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (opening June 10), *Romeo and Juliet* (opening June 12) *Love's Labour's Lost* (opening June 13), *Iolanthe* (starts June 11), *The Gondoliers* (June 14) Beckett's ribaldous *Waiting for Godot* (kicking off June 15), and *Two Gentlemen of Verona* (June 16). Mail information: Publicity, Stratford Festival, P.O. Box 520, Stratford, Ont. N5A 6V2. Telephone: (519)-271-4040.

Instead of staying laid-back and laconic why not try Detroit's wild, intriguing Opera Fest '84! which is already romping on. Acclaimed opera

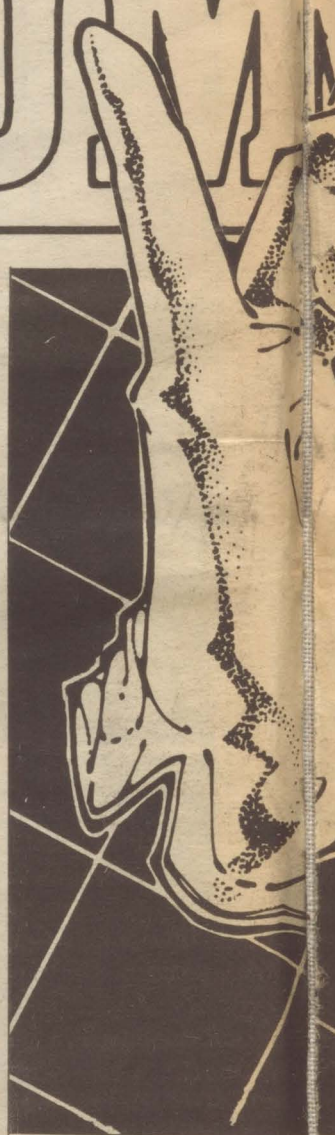


The Dance Theatre of Harlem graces the Music Hall stage with Stravinsky's *Firebird* June 13-17, 1984.

superstars like Placido Domingo, Dame Joan Sutherland, and Marilyn Horne will be performing and it's all going to happen at the Masonic Temple Theatre. *Ernani* (may 30 at 8:00 p.m.); *Die Walkure* (May 31 at 7:00 p.m.); *Abduction from the Seraglio* (June 1 at 8:00 p.m.); *Tosca* (June 2 at 1:30 p.m.); *Rinaldo* (June 2 at 8:00 p.m.); and *Anna Bolena* with Dame Joan Sutherland (June 6 at 8:00 p.m., and June 9 at 8:00 p.m.). For information contact either Melodee DuBois at (313)-832-5200 or John Finck at (313)-963-3717.

Two hot events at Detroit's Music Hall Center, 350 Madison Avenue, will be the electrifying *Dance Theatre of Harlem* (June 13-17) and the *Second Annual Grand Prix Ball* (on June 21). Information through Charles Pride (313)-963-7622 or Sarah Wolk (313)-540-5970.

—compiled by Lorenzo Buj



J A

When it comes to jazz...
looking for distractions until...
Detroit Jazz Festival happ...
satisfying distractions betw...
Ferguson, Dizzy Gillespie...
and outside acts in the Jaz...
series. As ever, Windsor...
appearing on a more or gu...
Detroit clubs.

June 10, Dizzy Gillespie...
June 11, Lionel Ham...
June 18, Maynard Fera...
July 18, Norma Jean...
Pontchartrain.

August 8, Spyrogyra...
August 26, Jean-Luc...
This year's Montreux-JF...
appearance by Dizzy Gille...
by Art Blakely, Benny Ch...
Taylor, the Modern Jazz...
then some.

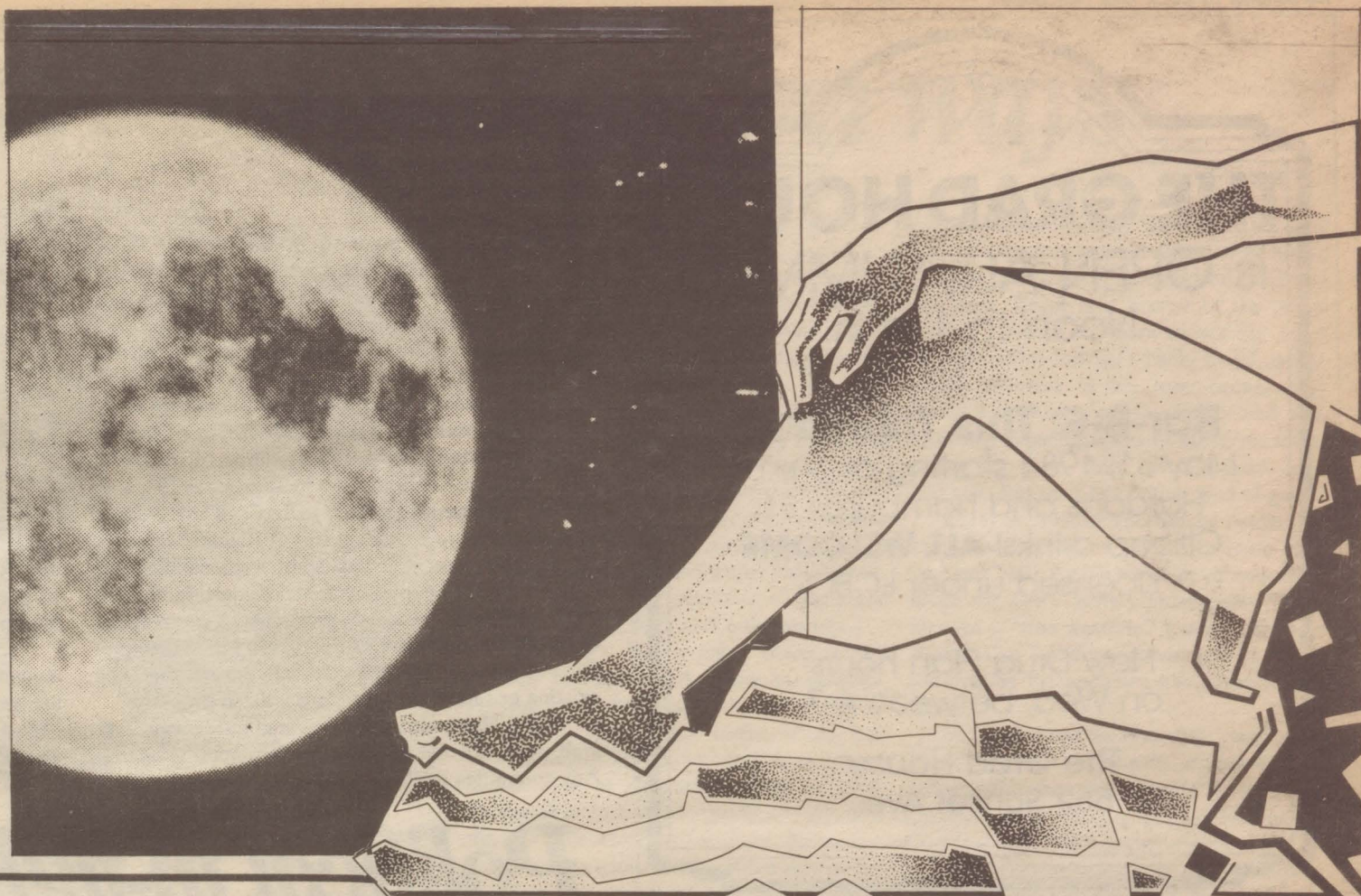
area will be last year's much respected *Heart* as they say, about three time National Hot on champion Shirley Muldowney and her twenty-glamate malesport.

h, other hand, are invading the Windsor Film ones of *The Moon in the Gutter* and *Confidentially* a controversial film, is Jean-Jacques Beineix's (his first) starring burly Gérard Dépardieu staki as impassioned turbulent lovers.

ru returned to the shape of some of his earliest ritentially *Yours*, another explosion of genres thair style. Jean-Louis Trintignant, last seen in d pest remembered in *Ma Nuit Chez Maud*, stars. et k out *Koyaanisqatsi* as well, a daringly ilmtial America with a musical score by avant-laransition from the natural beauty of Monument ad strialists is a bit of the hammer in the back of ou forget.

y, have any suggestions for alternative cinema lemagers at these film houses know. After all, sony to satisfy—besides their mothers, that is. thinner *Herzog* retrospective would be in order.)

—by Glenn Warner



WINDSOR SUN FUNS

CONCERTS

More so even than Christmas, summer is a record exec's favourite time of year for record releases. The company ships out the new albums then sends the band trailing behind them to incite sales. At the other end, a public, ravenous for summer fun, jumps at the chance to see the sound made flesh. In the wings, promoters all too willing to play the panderer name the time and place, and, at last, the desires of all parties are consummated in the concert arena.

All variations of metal and mush will be on view this summer, though you'll have to trek to Detroit and beyond to see them. One of the mushier products, Air Supply, will be here in Windsor, an event that should be an amusing experience for skeptical onlookers. The well-known and well-worn bands will mostly be across the river. Their appearances are proclaimed well in advance while the lesser known trendy types from England get by on two or three weeks' advance notice. The hype will hit its peak sometime in July, when the Jacksons' juggernaut steamrolls Detroit, earning them just enough money to buy Michael another bejewelled glove. Dates not yet confirmed for that one; what is confirmed is what follows. Go ahead—buy a ticket and make some promoter's day.

SUMMER CONCERTS

DATE	ARTIST	PLACE
May 31	Grandmaster Flash	St. Andrew's Hall
May 31	Foghat	Harpo's
May 31-June 2	Temptations, Four Tops	Premier Centre
June 1	Forgotten Rebels	Todd's
June 1	Raven, Anthrax	Harpo's
June 2	Billy Idol	Pine Knob
June 6	Dave Gilmour, Icicle Works	Pine Knob
June 8-9	D.O.S and B.F.A	King Wah
June 8	Jim Carroll Band	Todd's
June 8	Simple Minds, China Crisis	Michigan Theatre
June 10	Air Supply	Windsor Stadium
June 10	Blue Oyster Cult	Pine Knob
June 13	Judas Priest	Joe Louis Arena
June 16	Joe Jackson	Pine Knob
June 16	Nick Cave & the Bad Seeds	St. Andrew's Hall
June 22-23	Go-Go's	Pine Knob
June 24	King Crimson	Pine Knob
June 28-29	Moody Blues	Pine Knob
June 29	The Exploited, Son of Sam	Todd's
July 1	Rank and File	St. Andrew's Hall
July 1	Grateful Dead	Pine Knob
July 4-5	Huey Lewis and the News	Pine Knob
July 10	.38 Special, Night Ranger	Pine Knob
July 11	Aerosmith	Pine Knob
July 12	Everly Brothers	Pine Knob
July 14	Minutemen	Cass City Cinema
July 20	KC and the Sunshine Band	Pine Knob
July 27	Kool and the Gang	Pine Knob
July 27	Romantics	Pine Knob
July 28-29	The Cars	Pine Knob
July 30-31	Bruce Springsteen	Joe Louis Arena
August 1-2	Rod Stewart with Jeff Beck	Pine Knob
August 6	Air Supply	Pine Knob
August 12	Eurythmics	Pine Knob
August 13	Yes	Pine Knob
August 14	Pretenders	Pine Knob
August 24	Elvis Costello	Meadow Brook Music Theatre

A warning: the further in the future these dates are, the less definite. Also other shows may be added. As for the date and place of the Jacksons' arrival, you can choose any rumour you like. The current favourite is July 13 and 14 at the Silverdome. I'd just as soon see Johnny Cash, myself (June 29-30 at the Premier Centre).

—compiled by Desmond McGrath

The above set of pearly whites belongs to: Annie Lennox? Rod Stewart? Rob Halford? Billy Idol? or Mervyn Franklin?

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Residences reviewed

by Georgina Kosanovic

After a heated argument at the April 6 SAC meeting, the recently-formed SAC Residence Review Committee (RRC) has met with initial indifference on the part of those it sought to affect.

The RRC was formed in response to a petition and resolution brought forward by Peter Lugli, SAC residence representative, complaining about the abuse of power by residence assistants (RAs). The committee hopes, according to the Lugli Resolution, "to deal with these problems (of authority) in an objective manner and give its recommendations to SAC." The RRC also seeks to draw up a Student Bill of Rights.

The SAC executive appears to welcome the committee as an addition to the force of student influence on the campus. Jon Carlos Tsilfidis, SAC Vice-president, supports the committee's formation. "I'm in favour of the RRC," Carlos said. "It will ensure that any existing or future structures are utilized properly."

Bobby Hancock, last year's head resident at Cody Hall, regarded the committee's formation similarly. Any committee that's going to be a check on a system

that's already proven itself can only be an improvement." The original conflict that gave rise to the circulation of the petition, he explained, centred on a chastisement of six Cody residents by Macdonald Hall RAs in the Vanier cafeteria.

John Batchelor, head resident at Macdonald, who served as chairman of the Residence Service Committee last year, sees the new RRC as a duplication of existing services. "I don't see what good that committee is going to do them," he said. "There are enough channels (for students) to go through. They don't need another committee."

Batchelor didn't deny that an occasional RA abused his or her power. "In the time I've been here, people have been replaced or removed. It's not like their positions are entrenched."

"Students should remember that the rules and regulations that govern the residences were made over the years by the students themselves," he added. "Most of what they (the RRC) want is already incorporated into the system. If people have a complaint and go through the proper channels, they'll be vindicated."

Political in-fighting?

by John Slama

Two members of the 1983-84 Students' Administrative Council finished their terms in April under less than pleasant circumstances: William Chang, Commissioner of International Students, was asked to resign during the last week of his term; and Vice-President Carolyn Ozimek voluntarily left her office the next day. The new executive took over May 1st.

Chang received a letter from SAC President David Laird on April 23rd requesting him to leave his position. In that letter Laird said, "I shall not deny that you have done some practical work in your commission, yet your political actions throughout the entire year, significantly overshadow this....there is no doubt in my mind that you were aware that by your actions you were shunning your responsibility as Commissioner of International Students."

Chang called the letter "garbage" and said Laird was "trying to say something with nothing." He said that while he may not have done as good a job as he had previously (he held the same position from 1982-83), most of his work involved handling individual cases with the university administration and was not seen by the public. He said he believes the letter was a result of his supporting Carolyn Ozimek instead of Laird in the February election.

"In his last two elections (for V.P. in 1982 and for President in 1983) I've been on David's campaign team," said Chang. "After working with him for two years, I've changed my opinion about him as SAC President."

Laird said that it was wrong for Chang to actively campaign while he was a SAC Commissioner, but he had other reasons for the letter as well. He said that Chang repeatedly caused conflicts behind the scenes, despite admonitions from Laird. "A Commissioner is



Lance File Photo

Chang: "...trying to say something with nothing."

like a civil servant. The only politicians (on SAC) are the President and the Vice-President," said Laird.

Chang said the letter came at a bad time for him because he was in the middle of his final exams. He didn't let it bother him, however, for he had already decided not to return to student politics after this year.

A day later, on April 24th, then Vice-President Carolyn Ozimek walked out of the SAC offices and did not return. Ozimek said she left because "no work was being done," only "political in-fighting."

"It was time for me to pack my things and leave."

Ozimek's departure caused a delay in some honours being paid because her signature was needed on certain cheques. She said, however, she did not take that into account that week and called the office the next day, only to be told that the books had been closed.



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Brian Teixeira as Austin, David Regal as Lee, and Steven Anders as Saul in award-winner Sam Shepard's *True West*.

Western ways

by Sarah Atkinson

Just the thought of the Los Angeles suburbs is enough to make sane men cry and hermits scream. And what place better lends itself to the pastime of questioning reality? Well, in LA's suburbs lives Mom, and while she vacations in Alaska, her two sons, Lee and Austin, housesit. The horrors that ensue make up Sam Shepard's more-than-just-hilarious play *True West*. Shepard has a way of being too witty and Friday night's audience at the Attic Theatre was more than obliging; no doubt nuances sailed above most heads. (But worry not, a surprise near-ending jolted even the jolliest guffawers into sobriety.)

The play's action takes place in the kitchen of Mom's LA home in summer. Austin, a successful screenwriter (played by Brian Teixeira) drinks coffee while Lee (David Regal), freshly returned from a three month stint in the desert, lives on beer. Follow an immediate juxtaposition of America the free with America the urban. Austin is a sensitive city wimp writing about love on the freeways; Lee is an earthy, brutish Neanderthal

adept at petty thievery. But in the, uh, final analysis, neither likes civilization at all. In fact, they can hardly stand each other most of the time. Regal is a master of the pelvic thrusts which Lee characteristically does out behind his brother's back; Regal, on the whole effective in his role, occasionally comes close to chopping subtlety and consequently depleting intensity. He seems sometimes to have only two speeds—loud and soft. But then Lee is that kind of guy....

Enter Saul Kimmers (Steven Anders), a Hollywood producer, who is working on a "project" with Austin which he subsequently drops for Lee's more commercially viable idea for a "true western." It soon occurs to Austin that "nothing down here is real." (Something the audience has suspected all along.)

Shepard shows the romantic dream of the West being spat upon by the prosaic modern monster that America is today. Morals and cynicism aside, bring on the man who would die for the love of a horse.

True West plays at the Attic Theatre today through Saturday July 7th.

Film Canadiana lumbers into Windsor...

... Maria Chapdelaine

The Québécois team of director Gilles Carle and actress Carole Laure has been brought together once again in *Maria Chapdelaine*, a romantic adventure set in turn-of-the-century Québec.

Carle first introduced Laure to the world with *Fantastica*, *L'Ange et la femme*, *La tête de Normande St-Onge*, and *La mort d'un bucheron*, but her career subsequently skyrocketed without him. She has since become a TV and film superstar in Europe where her popularity exceeds her sex appeal. Her work in the critically commended *Get Out Your Handkerchiefs* (Oscar, best foreign language film) and *Dirty Dishes* has led to a new contract in Hollywood where she is working with Chapdelaine co-star Nick Mancuso.

Yet acclaimed director Carle himself is no bantamweight, having had at least six films invited to participate in the Cannes Festival. Based on the 1913 Canadian classic by Louis Hémon, Carle's *Maria Chapdelaine* delves into the affairs of a beautiful wilderness who must choose between three suitors each offering her a different world away from the hardships of Lac St. Jean. *Maria* plays at the Palace May 30th to June 1st at least.

... The Tin Flute and Latitude 55

The Windsor Film Theatre premieres these two Canadian films starting on Wednesday evening.

Flute differs from most productions in that each scene was shot twice in both national languages for two versions. The French project, *Bonheur d'occasion*, has done fairly well in Québec, and won recognition when it opened at the Moscow Film Festival last year. It was then sent to represent Canada in the Oscar nomination selection for best foreign film, but was not chosen.

The English version, however, has not done as well, simply because of Anglo-Canada's unfamiliarity with Gabrielle Roy's classic novel of a French-Canadian family juxtaposed with the more affluent English Canadians during the second war.

You only have one chance to see *Latitude 55* on Friday. Driving in her car a woman becomes isolated in a blizzard, only to be rescued by a man who takes her to his abode for comfort. She is soon overcome, though, with a feeling that she has not been rescued so much as kidnapped. *Latitude* was a Genie award best motion picture nominee in 1983.

So there you have it. Turn away from Detroit for three days if possible to immerse yourself in your own country. If you need another fix from Hollywood, try to wait 'til the weekend.

—by Glenn Warner



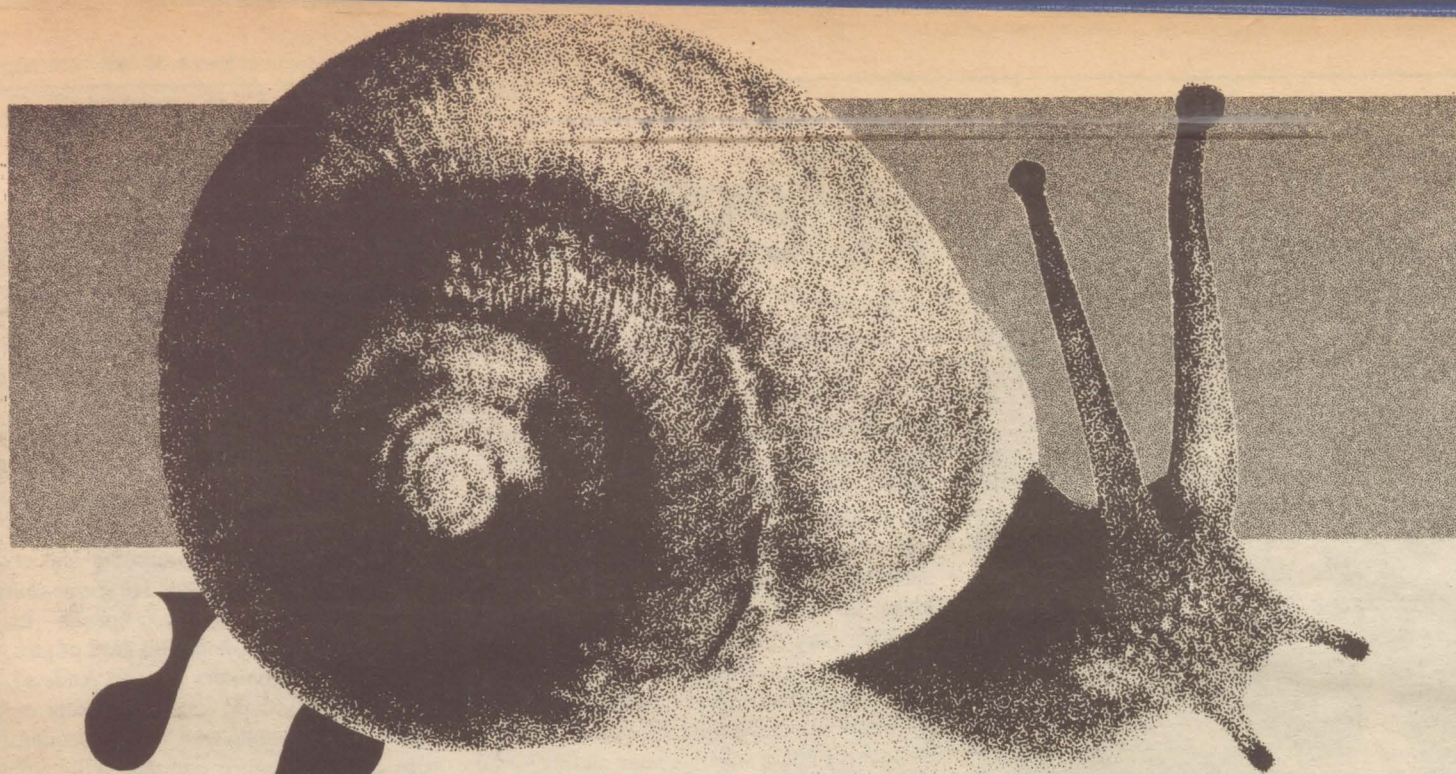
The English version of Roy's *Bonheur d'occasion*: trying to bring Québec culture to Anglophones.



Nick Mancuso and Carole Laure in *Maria Chapdelaine*: Canada's hottest actor and actress now working in Hollywood.



Maria director Gilles Carle: one of Québec's most celebrated artists, whose prior successes brought Laure to stardom.



weighty meaning but have none, nor insight nor inspiration, which makes it all inconsequential in a Tears For Fears kind of way...in fact, not even worth reviewing.

by Desmond McGrath

AVENGERS "Avengers" (CD Presents)

As hardcore mucks about its collective morass of what's become silly somnambulist sacrilege, one can't help think to times years back when the whole thing began with unself-conscious volleys of emotional fortitude.

That spirit is recaptured on this the only LP to document the output of San Francisco's Avengers. Some tinny production aside, the album, made up of '77-'78 material, bounds forth with an innocence and an honesty that amidst the thud-screach of Todaypunk sounds like sheer pop sensibility.

Penelope Houston's vocals are delightful as they take on the Stone's "Paint It Black" and scan themes the kind of which lead up to the simple vigour of lyrics like: "*We will build a better tomorrow/The youth of today can be the tools.*" It's a pleasure to hear young America fearing the realism of "Open Your Eyes," "We Are the One," "No Martyr" (Christ is something of valuable reference point for the Avengers' post Christ-ian *existentialism*) and developing it along the lines of a measured optimism.

Houston is like a Debbie Harry of the down-the-block neighbourhood set, but she isn't defined by the latent glam sophistication that also marked Blondie's eventual departure from "punk" roots. The Avengers knew how to sneer, smile, and, finally, how to display the keen smarts of rock's most exciting period.

by L.B.

MARILLION "Fugazi" (Capitol)

"*I am the harlequin with diamonded costume dripping shades of green*"

-typical

I imagine that one who drifts into realms of purple fantasy at the mere recall of Tull, Genesis (especially), Floyd, ELP, or the rather obscure German outfit Triumvirat, will find Britain's Marillion the greatest of human achievements.

Burly-boy singer Fish masters the art of delivering post(pre)-Metal poesy and the band sublimates pomp into mandarin migrations.

"Punch and Judy" is my favourite cut despite the fact that it soars (as it's *supposed* to) much like the rest of the album. And I don't know about you but it's once a light-year that a song worthless as "Jigsaw" leaves you satisfied with a line like: "*The problem always seems to be/We're picking up the pieces on a ricochet.*"

Still, in the end, **Fugazi** is just an opulent, garish tapestry of the wicked whoring ways of a world in decline, and it's all served up with enough helpings of Minimoogs, Aria and Fender basses, guitars (take your pick from: a Marshal 50W Combo, a Roland 501 Chorus/Echo, an Ovation Acoustic, and many others!!!), etc., to remind you how overblown rock once was.

But, funny thing, that lotsa today's "progressive" electro-art is actually indulging the same thing in a different avenue, in a different bar, under a different hair-code. So it's getting more like the old Bollocks brigade never happened isn't it?

by L.B.

CIAMQ15 UNIVERSITY RADIO FM	
Current Top 13 Albums	
1)	Reckoning, R.E.M. (IRS)
2)	Jam Science, Shriekback (Y)
3)	Hallowed Ground, Violent Femmes (Slash)
4)	Cemetery, Deja Voodoo (Og)*
5)	Collage (ep), Vital Sines (VS)*
6)	Running Out Of Funtown (ep), L'etranger (Ground Zero)*
7)	My Ever Changing Moods, Style Council (Polydor)
8)	Shock Of Daylight, The Sound (Statik)
9)	Icicle Works, Icicle Works (Beggars Banquet)
10)	Super Maxi-Single (ep), Dub Rifles (Pax Jax)*
11)	Ricochet Days, Modern English (Vertigo)
12)	Jonathan Sings, Jonathan Richman etc. (Sire)
13)	Mister Heartbreak, Laurie Anderson (Warner Bros.)

*denotes Canadian artist

MINIMAL MAN "Safari" (CD Presents)

Minimal Man apply their name to their music. Minimal Man may be described as Flipper with keyboards. Minimal Man, however, do have a sound of their own. It adds up: Minimal Man make good records.

After Flipper's mammoth debut album from 1982, bands from around the globe began to mimic their style(?) of bare, top-heavy thrash. Some succeeded, many failed. On **Safari**, Minimal Man use some Flipper influences, but they also touch many other bases, from eerie rawness ("2 Little Skeletons") to slugging repetition ("Showtime") to dreamy tribal religiousness ("Ascension") to junkyard antmusic ("Big Head") to great, sweaty distorted funk-jazz dance rave-ups ("You You").

Of course, not all of the songs are god-sent, but the total product, even the cover artwork, is way above average.

Minimal Man deserves to be heard.

by pAtRiCk pEtRo

THE ICICLE WORKS "The Icicle Works" (Beggars Banquet)

Don't mind the awfully bland cover art, Liverpool's 3-man Icicle works have lavished so much care on this debut garden (nee Album) that its wondrous flora (music) is lush home for its diverse fauna (vocals and lyrics) and proves that this **is** the record of the summer.

Really now, I'm not going overboard with the verbiage or the sentiments. "Love Is A Wonderful Colour" and "Reap the Rich Harvest" showcase the irrational lucidity of great pop and a progressive rock sensibility (which means working a rich tradition into new and valuable things) of the kind that spans '60s to '70s in one strong wash of Iain McNabb's flexible voice.

The ice-cold school of synth falls flat before Icicle Works' displays of true musical dream-agility. The songs build, break, then course like great rivers over exciting terrain. "In The Cauldron Of Love" is a slice of such impassioned, appealing music that you begin to wonder if something all too sneaky isn't going on. But "Chop The Tree" and "Whisper To A Scream" soon set your mind at ease with inspirational subtleties of their own.

If there is a fault with the record it's that the one or two lesser songs grow prosaic with their languid textures and so the album's general ambiance is briefly undercut. Hardly a reason, though, not to go out and buy it and have a bloody fantastic time listening.

by Lorenzo Bui

DEJA VOODOO "Cemetery" (Og)

Yeah, serious sludgeabilly is hard to find in this synthpop jungle; let's face it, apart from the Cramps mucking about with Jack Scott, what have you got? The answer, my friends, has blown down wind from Montreal in the form of Deja Voodoo. Deja Voodoo went deep into the sludgeabilly mine, found it deserted (although they saw Cramps footprints here and there, I'm told), emerged with nineteen murky numbers, and collected them on this elpee, **Cemetery**. Consequently, to paraphrase

Dave Howard, the tunes are as if layered with mud—the remains of a melody can still be discerned in spots while the drums pulse along a half step slower than God intended them to.

Not too surprising from a band who list among their precursors Bo Diddley, the Monkees, Sartre, Johnny Cash, Gene Vincent, and who feature a dregged up doomed bash-about of that ol' standard "Sixteen Tons." This is what happens when the boppy basslines and guitar turns of rockabilly are left to fester for twenty-plus years; now Deja Voodoo have excavated them to find that they boot as much bum and derive as much fun as ever.

by Desmond McGrath

BLACK FLAG "My War" (Fringe Product)

The torturous logic of vocalist Henry Rollins' pain-reign punk expressionism has always marked LA's Black Flag as one of America's most traditional (as in not belonging to the Metal Moron "punk" set) and most consistent purveyors of rant-speak.

So when on this third LP Henry sings about beating his head against the wall it's the cerebral ignitions, and not just the cracked foreheads and bloody crowns, that are *supposed* to matter.

Fair enough. Johnny Rot once sang "*We mean it maaan*" but Rollins has been at it longer than ole JR and he means it when he tells how there's "Nothing Left Inside" or when he does the "Scream."

In fact, these last two tracks are accompanied by "Three Nights" and make up **My War's** side 2 where Flag's butcher block music and lyrics stretch out for 6 leaden minutes at a shot.

This isn't so bad if you can enjoy and accept the fact **My War** is so scored with raw psycho-Metal chord shakes, brain-death beats, and vocals fit to match the screams of, say, Macbeth in some circle of Dante's hell.

The truth is that Rollins is a mental rage-ball, a human too truly sane to pretend this life allows one the luxury of normality. And thus he sings songs like "My War" or "Can't Decide" or "Swinging Man" (not at all concerned with the swinging of that truncheon-like thing) or the decidedly wrenching "Forever Time."

He snarls, he soothes, he finds no problems taking sides when sides need to be taken: "*You say you're my friend, but you're one of them.....them, them, them, them, Aaarrgghhh My War!*"

This is not blurred vision. This is strain and credibility.

by L.B.

THE BOX "The Box" (Alert)

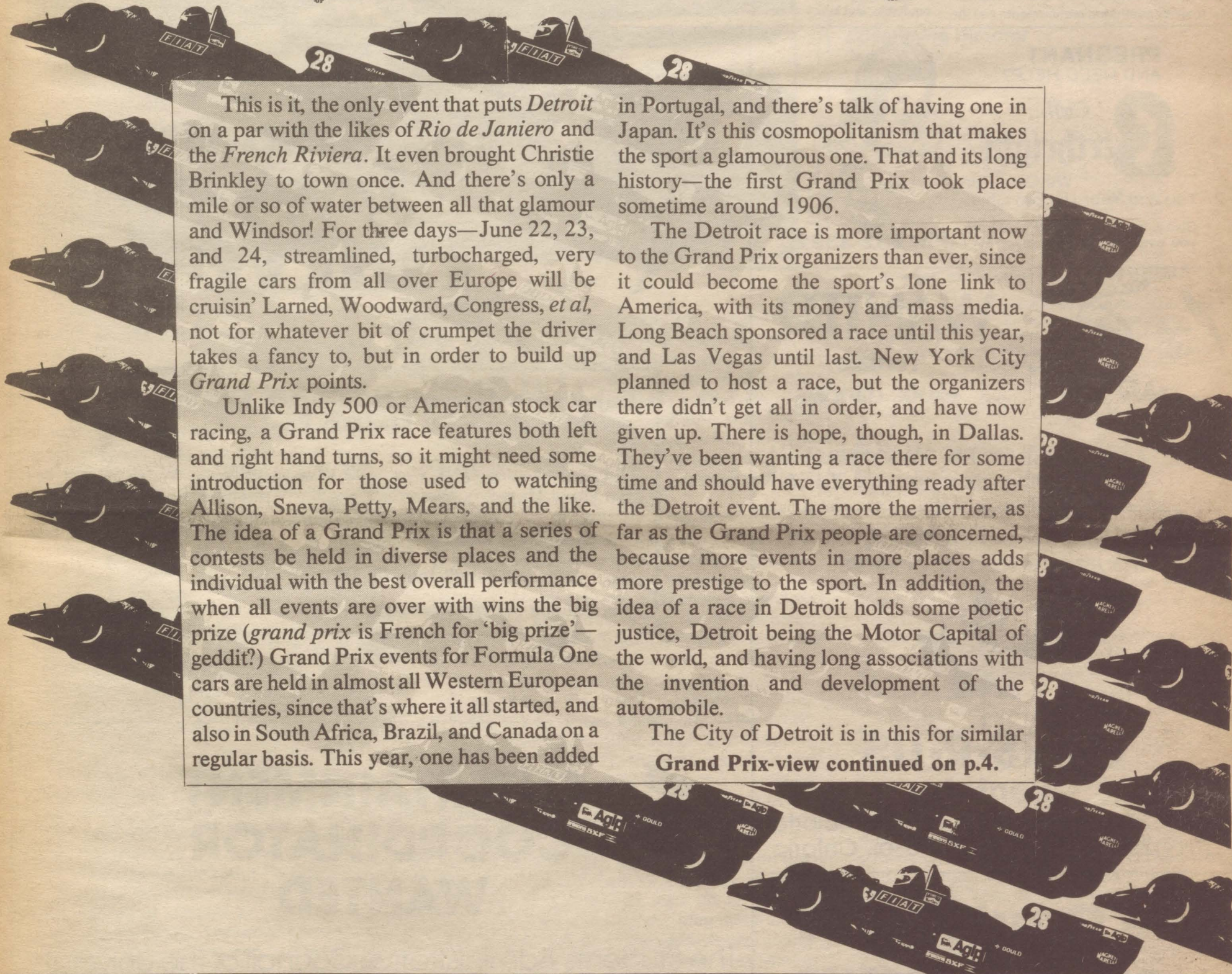
The Box is actually the name of an English band who do a respectable sort of jagged dance music, but they are not to be confused with this crowd on Alert records who only manage to sully the name. This Box, from Quebec, has 2 keyboard players, and that's really all you need to know for it inevitably means lots of cheap atmospheric and there's nothing easier to produce than that (unless be it a negative review). The lyrics too are structured to convey some

the summer Lance

University of Windsor, Volume I, Number 2, 12 June 1984



Detroit Grand Prix Three



This is it, the only event that puts *Detroit* on a par with the likes of *Rio de Janiero* and the *French Riviera*. It even brought Christie Brinkley to town once. And there's only a mile or so of water between all that glamour and Windsor! For three days—June 22, 23, and 24, streamlined, turbocharged, very fragile cars from all over Europe will be cruisin' Larned, Woodward, Congress, *et al*, not for whatever bit of crumpet the driver takes a fancy to, but in order to build up *Grand Prix* points.

Unlike Indy 500 or American stock car racing, a Grand Prix race features both left and right hand turns, so it might need some introduction for those used to watching Allison, Sneva, Petty, Mears, and the like. The idea of a Grand Prix is that a series of contests be held in diverse places and the individual with the best overall performance when all events are over with wins the big prize (*grand prix* is French for 'big prize'—geddit?) Grand Prix events for Formula One cars are held in almost all Western European countries, since that's where it all started, and also in South Africa, Brazil, and Canada on a regular basis. This year, one has been added

in Portugal, and there's talk of having one in Japan. It's this cosmopolitanism that makes the sport a glamorous one. That and its long history—the first Grand Prix took place sometime around 1906.

The Detroit race is more important now to the Grand Prix organizers than ever, since it could become the sport's lone link to America, with its money and mass media. Long Beach sponsored a race until this year, and Las Vegas until last. New York City planned to host a race, but the organizers there didn't get all in order, and have now given up. There is hope, though, in Dallas. They've been wanting a race there for some time and should have everything ready after the Detroit event. The more the merrier, as far as the Grand Prix people are concerned, because more events in more places adds more prestige to the sport. In addition, the idea of a race in Detroit holds some poetic justice, Detroit being the Motor Capital of the world, and having long associations with the invention and development of the automobile.

The City of Detroit is in this for similar
Grand Prix-view continued on p.4.

Graduation well worth the suffering

by Georgina Kosanovic

The academic year reached its climax on Saturday, June 2 as over two thousand students graduated from their now-alma mater. Two ceremonies were held to accomodate the largest number of graduating students in recent memory.

The morning session conferred degrees on undergraduates in arts, social sciences, sciences and engineering. Honourary degrees were given to Len Cariou, renowned Canadian actor and failed barber, and Thomas Shoyama, former British Columbia public servant and university professor. Shoyama was called upon to address the students and he *did*.

The afternoon session launched a whole new passel of law, education, human kinetics, commerce and graduate students into the world. Once again, honorary degrees were conferred on two notables in the world of academe. Hugh Kenner, a brilliant literary

critic and otherwise sexy guy from Baltimore, received a Doctor of Letters from our esteemed institution. James Gordon Parr, head of TV Ontario, received a Doctor of Laws degree and also gave the main address to the students. Both Kenner and Parr have connections with this university. Kenner is a former professor of English; Parr taught engineering.

Other highlights include the awarding of the President's medal to Hilde Berends, a chemistry graduate, and the Governor General's medal to Patricia Spreight, a graduate in law.

On the whole, the two ceremonies proceeded without difficulty, each taking about two hours to complete. Unfortunately, due to the seemingly endless number of graduates, many students and families left early, causing traffic jams in the aisles between graduates and those in the process of doing so. However, as many a graduate knows, it is worth the suffering to make your parents happy. □



Lance Photo by Glenn Warner

Three thousand students can't be wrong

by John Slama

Dr. Bette Stephenson got the message from Windsor last week, 3000 times.

Two representatives from the Students Concerned about the Bovey Commission (SCBC) delivered 3000 petitions regarding the restructuring of universities to the office of the Colleges and Universities Minister last Thursday. Dr. Stephenson was not there to greet them.

Sam DiFilippo, the founding Chairman of the SCBC said that the petitions were to serve as "an indication of our displeasure with the restructuring of universities and to voice our protest in public."

Kevin Johnson, the current chairman, said that the first objective of the petitions was to inform students. The postcard-sized petitions listed the students' concerns as higher tuition costs, specialization of universities, tougher admission requirements and the

possible closing of the Law and Education Faculties.

The cards also left room for students to write in their own comments. Johnson said most comments concerned elitism and the restricting of access to the university system.

"They're sending us back to an age when universities were for the rich," said Johnson.

The SCBC proposes that instead of raising tuition, funding for universities should be increased. DeFilippo said that Ontario universities are "25 per cent underfunded compared to other universities."

Johnson explained that the cost of educating each university student in Ontario is about \$6000 per year. That cost is now split between the government and the student at about \$4800-\$1200. Dr. Stephenson has proposed that a 50-50 split would be more equitable. But many students "are just making



Lance Photo by John Slama
Johnson: Students concerned about Bette's commission

it now," Johnson maintains.

"We went in with a closed box," said Johnson, "and the secretary said 'I'll take those petitions' so they knew we were coming."

After being told that Stephenson was not there, DiFilippo and Johnson were met by an assistant who told them they should not have brought the petitions to Stephenson's office but should have gone to the Bovey Commission instead. Johnson said the SCBC decided to deliver the petitions to Stephenson's office because she will make any final decisions and because she would "feel the pressure more."

The committee is also preparing a brief for the Bovey Commission, which is accepting submissions until August 20. The commission will make its final report in November. Johnson said another demonstration may also be in the works for September, when the Commission will visit Windsor. □

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Mr. David Laird
President
Students Administrative Council
University of Windsor, Ontario
N9B 3P4

Baseball is a game played on grass



Lance Photo by Glenn Warner

I was a twelve-year-old kid aloft in a SwissAir jet over Montreal when I craned my neck hoping to get a glimpse of Jarry Park, the Expos' stone age stomping grounds. But the plane curved away on an upward climb and that particular vision never materialized.

Jarry wouldn't have been my first Major League ballpark. I was already familiar with the lights of Tiger Stadium glowing through the evening as the parents drove down Riverside and I dreamt of Boog Powell, thick-armed and blond, powering the Orioles over the Bengals and their partisan locals.

Then too, there was also the summer we were speeding through Ohio when out of an afternoon's dense heat there emerged the cavernous, somehow alien, hulk of vague grey that's called Municipal Stadium, home of that Indian tribe that regularly spend the summers teaching its fans humility and modesty.

Thanks to Television's unwavering eye, to its Joe Garagiola, Tony Kubek Saturdays in Wrigley or Three Rivers or Anaheim, the lines and angles of the Majors' other parks have long since displaced whatever mysteries imagination was prepared to subsist on. Still, Joe couldn't prepare me for the space-age sleekness of St. Louis' Busch Stadium, Cincinnati's Riverfront, or the game-time environs of old venerable knock-about Fenway.

The point of interest here is that all of these stadiums were viewed en route to another destination—Boston looked like rain, St. Louis was a 60 mph thrill on the long road to California—and it's from these sort of perspectives that the game's fabled rhythms are transformed into something grand and even heroic.

But this romance, this dimension of pastoral American myth indigenous to Sundays in the heartland and peeling neighbourhood bleachers where middle-aged matrons grow larger in their polyester and would never do in a Lorrain landscape, belongs most to memory and the mute, filtering byways of consciousness.

The mind accretes bits of baseball's immutable imagery; the mind recalls that last big curve which had you bailing out on a called third strike; and then if the spirit is willing, the flesh capable, and mind is at peace, then you go back again, taking in the pitcher, the mound the defensive alignment, the short distances down the foul lines.

Baseball is a game played on grass—played, as it were, on an everyday holiday of its own. Yet it's also a game played in the dirt, a game full of bloopers and errors in the long tradition of commedia dell'arte (Just look at a Goldoni's theatre and compare it to some of those rainout

highlight films).

There's the third baseman who ranges far to his right and, scooping up a grounder with a glove old as the hills, will throw you out before you're 60 feet down the line; the fleet-footed outfielder who will take away your extra-base hits with over-the-shoulder catches in centrefield's vast pastures; the hitter who jumps on any hanging curveball left snoozing high-and-inside and drills it over the fences and onto the front lawns of Italian immigrants.

It's largely a game of quiet movement, of select pockets of action. It's not as fluid a seat-of-the-pants game as, say, basketball or hockey. While hockey's cold arenas are enough to call forth the spectre of brutal body-checks, toothless opponents, and exhilarating, but on occasion dangerous, barbarism, baseball's grace is bound up with deeper modes of intuition.

That's not to say that the game's all leisure and daydream. Far from it. Hitting, pitching, and fielding are consummate arts of their own. They take a lot of practice, which is what spring training is all about. By the time spring's been burned off by July and August, one should be able to savour (or execute) a well-turned double-play as one would reading (or writing) a masterful sentence.

Yet the lessons of spring all too often turn into game-breaking foibles. In certain key situations, missing the cut-off man can be as bad as forgetting to dial the parents long distance on their 20th anniversary, and misplaying an inning-ending pop fly into a four run error may rate up there with smashing the car the first time Dad hands it over.

For all this it's still been said, by misguided skeptics, that baseball is a boring, lifeless game—5 minutes of action packed into a long and drawn-out afternoon. To be sure, there is something Beckettian about staggering in from rightfield where by 7th inning stretch time the sun has dried you to the bone and the only ball that's found its way to you is a bad hop grounder past third.

To come full circle, however, is to accept things like baseball or dating problems on their own planes of reality. Both are as much mental constructs as they are palpable factual occurrences.

Too many sharp line drives through the middle inevitably test your passion for the game. A catcher's quick pick-off throw to first that catches you leaning in the void between first and second is enough to remind you of the mortality of all ambitions and all things loved.

Lorenzo Buj

the summer Lance

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Letters

Food joke tasteless

Dear Editor,

In the edition of the Lance dated 30 May, 1984, W.O. Mitchell was quoted (in an article dealing with Mervyn Franklin's "farewell" dinner) as saying "Universities hold an umbrella over our scientists and artists... and perhaps Mr. Halberstadt and the Windsor Star are aware of that, although I doubt it... nor will I take a class in Oriental cooking!"

This remark by Mitchell was supposed to be quite humorous, but we find it ignorant and tasteless. Apparently Mitchell feels that Oriental and Asian cultures are a joke, and that courses in Oriental and Asian cooking might obstruct some of the space given to "real" areas of study such as biochemistry and psychology. Such a remark shows how Westerners feel about food in general and Asia in particular. The thought that food could have cultural, social, historical and economic significance apparently has never occurred to Mitchell. Food, after all, is fuel, and the University would never offer a course dealing with the significance of the Big Mac in Western society! Therefore a course in Eastern cooking is ridiculous, Westerners can't be bothered with such nonsense. Especially not W.O. Mitchell. Why, imagine, we could be spending valuable time doing real things, like discovering new ways to blow up the planet, you know, scientific things. Mitchell's remark shows an extraordinary lack of insight for a supposed "enlightened" artist.

The comment by W.O. Mitchell also smacks of the kind of racism that is the norm at this University in its attitudes towards foreign students. Instead of trying to learn about other cultures, we bury our heads in the sand, content to let the Asian students soak up our wonderful Western culture that has so much to offer.

The fact that W.O. Mitchell could make such a remark and have 235 "academics" laugh at it is a very telling comment on the attitude of this University towards Eastern students and cultures. It is frightening that supposedly "enlightened" academics could be so backward. W.O. Mitchell's remark is certainly not worthy of a literary person of his stature.

John Walker
3rd Year History
Dorothy Gale
2nd Year Psychology

A letter to the Editor should be limited to 500 words or less. They may be submitted to the Lance office directly or dropped off at the Lance's mailbox at the SAC office on the second floor of the University Centre during normal business hours. The Lance reserves the right to edit all letters for libel and space. All letters must be signed.



Grand Prix-view

by Desmond McGrath

(Continued from page 1)

reasons, certainly not monetary ones. Two years ago the city lost \$400,000 on the event, and \$700,000 in 1983. Despite that the city has agreed to host a race at least until 1988, and many people—most of them Detroit taxpayers, I suppose—are wondering why. The answer to that is: just as holding a race here adds prestige to the sport, so it increases Detroit's international stature. Whatever losses the city incurs can be written off as well-spent advertising costs, for TV coverage of the race will broadcast flattering shots of the RenCen and a glittering Detroit River across America and throughout Europe.

Those of us who live around here and know that the short straightaway along Larned reveals more about Detroit than the RenCen panoramas, will have to make do with the real thing, up close and personal. CBS will broadcast the game live, but a blackout will be in effect for the Detroit area. Channel 9 will carry the race Sunday night, but as someone said of another sort of compromise, watching it that way is like kissing your sister. Your Country Connection WCXI 1130 AM will have live radio coverage, so even those at the track will know what's going on.

Last year 75,000 paid \$15 for general admission or \$35 for grandstand seats to get in on the excitement, and tickets are selling faster this year. As the song says, you can watch them for \$35 (U.S.) and you can see them for free; that's because Friday June 22 is Free Prix day, when it costs you nothing to wander around the race area and see the first day of qualifying.

On Saturday, when final starting grid positions are fought for, the \$15 and \$35 ticket prices come into effect. Unlike at Indy, the track isn't given over to one qualifier at a time; instead, racers come and go more or less at random, so watching them qualify is almost like watching the race....but not quite.

Most of the grandstands are at the long straight and hairpin by the river, with a view of pit row. More expensive are the seats at Cobo Hall, \$75 (U.S.) for two days, with a fine view of an approaching straight and two left turns.

Hardcore Prix and photo fans can get a two-day photo pass for \$100 (U.S.). This lets you into photo towers, certain otherwise off-limits trackside areas, even some time in the pit area.

You're not supposed to get within sight of the track without paying at least the general admission price, but last year the number of people viewing from surrounding office buildings and offshore boats outnumbered the paid attendance. Security will be tighter this year, but those with a will to save money will always find a way.

Meanwhile, the Detroit Institute of Arts has brought in a study of the history of Grand Prix racing as seen by the photographers. The exhibit, featuring photos from as far back as 1894 is absolutely free and runs until August 26. Several smaller displays can be seen at the special Grand Prix Expo in Cobo Hall during race week.

There is another, more insidious way of partaking of the influx of glamour, by turning it to your own advantage. With a passable French or Italian accent and a little Grand Prix knowledge you can enter any of Detroit's finer establishments—the kind of place where, as the local connoisseur put it “the women are so stuck up you have to peel them off the ceiling”—and charm the jewellery off

women who wouldn't ordinarily flash so much as a bracelet in your direction. You see, even though none of them would know Alain Prost from a garage mechanic, any of them would love to regale the other deb's at the next St. Clair Shores social-do with tales of their night with an internationally famous race car driver. She'll especially enjoy telling them that you've refused models and heiresses from all over Europe, so be sure to mention or imply as much.

WHO'S WHO AND WHAT'S WHAT—a child's guide

As mentioned earlier, the Grand Prix racers are coming to Detroit to earn World Championship points, in order to improve their position in the overall scheme of things. Those are awarded as follows: first place—9 points, second—6, third—4, fourth—3, fifth—2, sixth—1. In 1984 the drivers are coming to try and catch Alain Prost in the standings. After the first six races Prost has 28 points, ten more than the next man, his teammate Niki Lauda. Since first place gets nine points, Prost's lead is considerable. On the other hand, the Detroit race comes just at the season's halfway mark, so it's too early to pick winners. After all, Prost came to Detroit ahead last year, yet eventually lost out to Nelson Piquet.

Obviously then, you can expect Prost to do well in Detroit, even though the tight turns and short straights of the circuit will cramp his style somewhat. Lauda will also be a threat, the more so since the McLaren cars that he and Prost drive have so far proven to be the most reliable. The man who won Detroit in '83, Michele Alboreto, has moved from the Tyrell team to the bigger bucks and better equipment of Ferrari. Unfortunately, both he and teammate Rene Arnoux have had a season of mechanical failures and few finishes. If their cars hold up, each of them should finish in the top three and revive their championship hopes. Piquet, after winning it all last year, has had a disastrous season too, fraught with breakdowns that keep him from finishing a race. Last year he finished fourth here and would be happy to get that again. The two new Renault drivers, Derek Warwick and Patrick Tambay, also have first-rate cars, so should do well. Warwick is running third in the overall standings and so has a good chance of catching Prost. 1982 World Champion Keke Rosberg finally has a high-powered turbo engine for this year and may yet win another championship. Elio de Angelis and Nigel Mansell with their Lotuses have qualified in strong starting positions all season, and if they can maintain that advantage—as Mansell almost did at Monaco—could win easily.

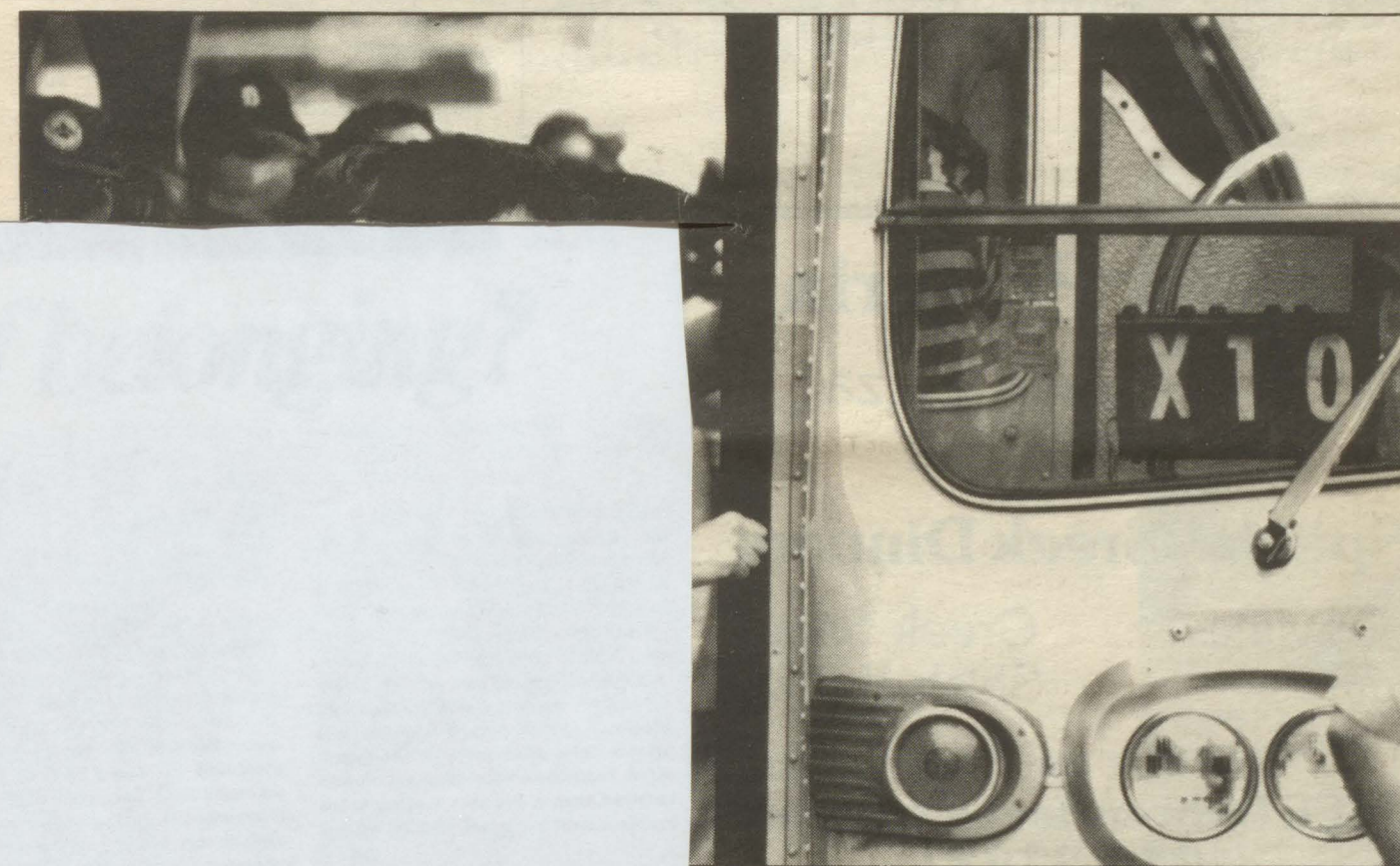
The above are all known to be talented drivers and because they have the best cars, their teams, fans, and country expect them to win. But remember: nobody expected Alboreto to win here last year, yet that didn't stop him. Ayrton Senna nearly pulled off a similar upset two weeks ago in Monaco, so watch for him.

Sadly missed this year will be John Watson, the man who won Detroit's first Grand Prix back in '82 and who took third here last year despite a slower, outdated engine. The McLaren team abandoned Watson at the end of last season in favour of Prost, and rumour has it that Watson's asking price was too high for most others. Still, with a little luck he might be back next year.

by Janisse Browning-Leveque

Since the Detroit Tigers have started off the 1984 baseball season by practically knocking the 'Sox' off area fans, more spectators than ever will be touring over to Tiger

Catching the TIGERS



Lance Photo by Glenn Warner



et on TV.

Lance Photo by John Slama



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(Continued from page 1)

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DETROIT



by Janisse Browning-Leveque

Since the Detroit Tigers have started off the 1984 baseball season by practically knocking the 'Sox' off area fans, more spectators than ever will be touring over to Tiger Stadium to see if this team is for real. In the event that there are some people out there who know nothing about going to Tiger games (or don't know as much as they thought they did), here's all the basic information you'll ever need in order to enjoy a game at Tiger Stadium.

First, if you aren't the kind of person who enjoys boisterous (but fun) crowds, avoid the bleachers. Advance tickets are sold in Windsor at the Ticket World outlet in Windsor Arena (at the corner of Wyandotte and McDougall), or Frank Wansborough Travel (at 123 Ouellette). If you don't mind long line-ups and happen to be in Detroit, however, your best bet would be to get advance tickets at the stadium outlet on Michigan and Trumbull since the Windsor outlets are given only a limited number of tickets to sell.

Tickets are sold for American money or the Canadian equivalent, and prices range from \$3.50 for bleacher seats to \$9.75 for box seats. Bleacher and \$5.00 General Admission seats go on sale two hours before game time. Upper and lower box seats are the closest you can get to a good infield view, but since the Tigers have been doing exceptionally well, the best available tickets will probably be upper or lower reserves at \$8.25.

Five-sixteenths of the fun, however, is getting there. The most economical method of traveling with a party of less than four is to take the bus. Transit Windsor provides bus services from the tunnel entrance at Goyeau near Wyandotte right to the stadium for \$1.50 per person each way. This saves you the hassle of finding parking and worrying about whether your hubcaps will remain intact during the game. Buses leave the Windsor depot one hour and half hour before game time, and returning buses pick up passengers at the corner of Michigan and Trumbull only until a half hour after the game.

A party of more than four might find traveling by car more economical, since the toll is \$1.25 each way, and parking prices range from \$3.00 to \$5.00.

Those who provide their own transportation to and from the games may wish to indulge in some post-game celebration. Most Tiger fans prefer nearby 'Nemo's' or 'Lindell A.C.' (where some of the players hang out).

With this vast storage of information, you should now be ready to join the array of active Windsor area Tiger fans. Your only other requirements for a good time at the stadium are good weather, a winning team, and a ballpark frank.



Windsor's Tunnel Bus Depot: Five-sixteenths of the fun?

Lance Photo by Glenn Warner



Bleacherisms: Either trying to start the "title wave" or get on TV.

Lance Photo by John Slama

Franklin: A solid bottom line

compiled by Philip Rourke

Since Dr. Mervyn Franklin has been replaced by Dr. Ronald Ianni this year as President of the University of Windsor, a brief glance back at Franklin's comments during the past six years is timely.

On the role of the university:

"University should be used as a tool in order for the student to expand his mind and social awareness in today's society but at the same time, it should prove to be an enjoyable experience." (1978)

"To survive in this world, it's necessary to become more dependent on university education than at any other time in history." (1981)

"The important thing about a university education is that it gives you a broader knowledge base and allows you to adopt a much more flexible career path...graduates over the next few years will have to keep learning...we live in a very knowledge intense society." (1982)

On restructuring of the universities:

"Restructuring troubles me...The whole philosophy of university is lost if restructuring is forced by the economic political process upon the faculty and students." (1981)

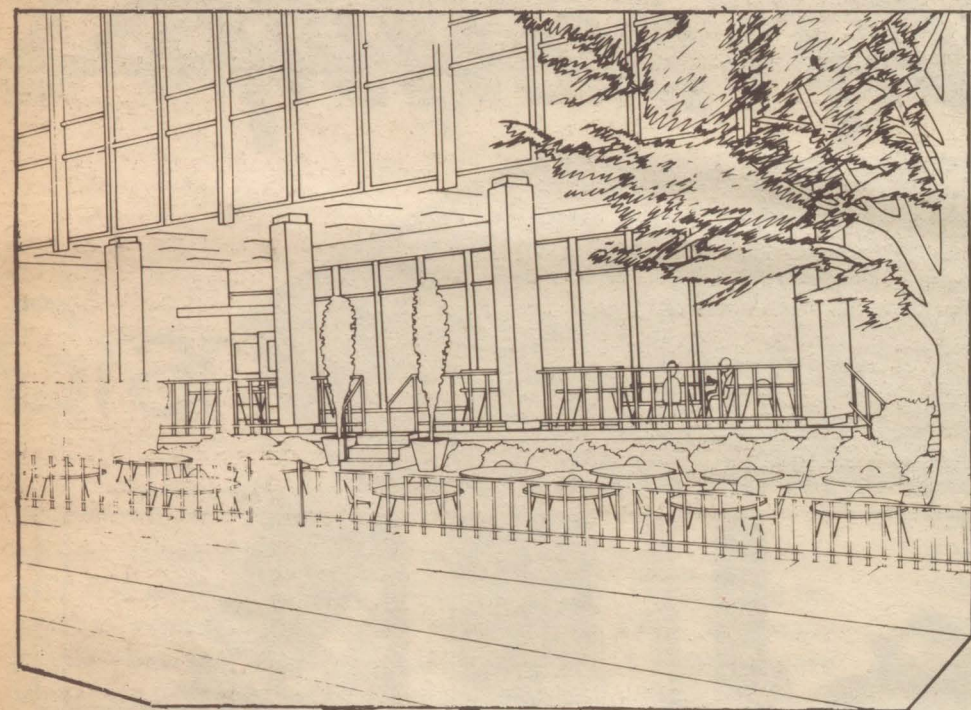
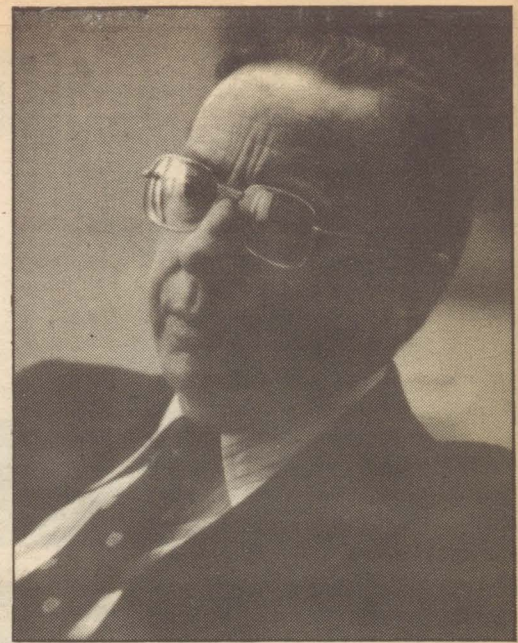
On the dwindling amounts of funds for the universities:

"We have tried to spend our money

carefully, on legitimate needs...The Board has to be concerned about financial stability. It's better to be careful than to run big deficits that the government has quite clearly stated they will not pick up.

There are certain possible changes in the funding mechanism coming in the next year or so, there will almost certainly be a 5% ceiling on fee increases, so we have to be careful.

"Some people will complain regardless of what you do. We could've given a larger amount of money to the non-academic salaried sector, got ourselves into a deficit, and someone would've been bitching about that. You've got to have a solid bottom line." □



SAC's Pub to open patio

by Glenn Warner

SAC's Pub will be opening an outdoor patio in front of the University Centre as soon as it gets the go-ahead from the Liquor License Board of Ontario.

Having lost money in recent years due to the summer sales drought, the pub is completing the first phase of a modernization program, said Pub Manager Nancy Bauer. The intention is to keep in vogue with today's market services. Since much of the campus clientele tends to migrate downtown during the summer, Bauer proposes that the venture will instill a seasonal "garden party atmosphere," and consequently a sustained interest.

In order to recoup an investment, the pub must be prepared to invest, and then pursue more financial endeavours with the profits, stressed Bauer. So far the pub has spent about \$28,000 on the outdoor refurbishments,

which include a portable big screen television connected to a direct broadcast satellite dish, capable of intercepting MTV or any other private channels from geostationary orbital satellites overhead.

Weather pending, a portable bar will be wheeled outside with the TV from noon until eight in the evening. Furniture borrowed from Vanier's Round Table and the unused portion of the pub should accommodate a possible 189 capacity crowd. Draft beer and liquor served in paper cups will minimize the problems of glass outside.

Although SAC's Pub is operating now with only four employees, Bauer is assured that a successful turnover could raise employment to as many as twenty workers. Phase two of the Pub's embellishment in the future will include a renovation of the bar area, which, as Bauer sees it, now causes the sort of inefficiency saved only by a good staff. □

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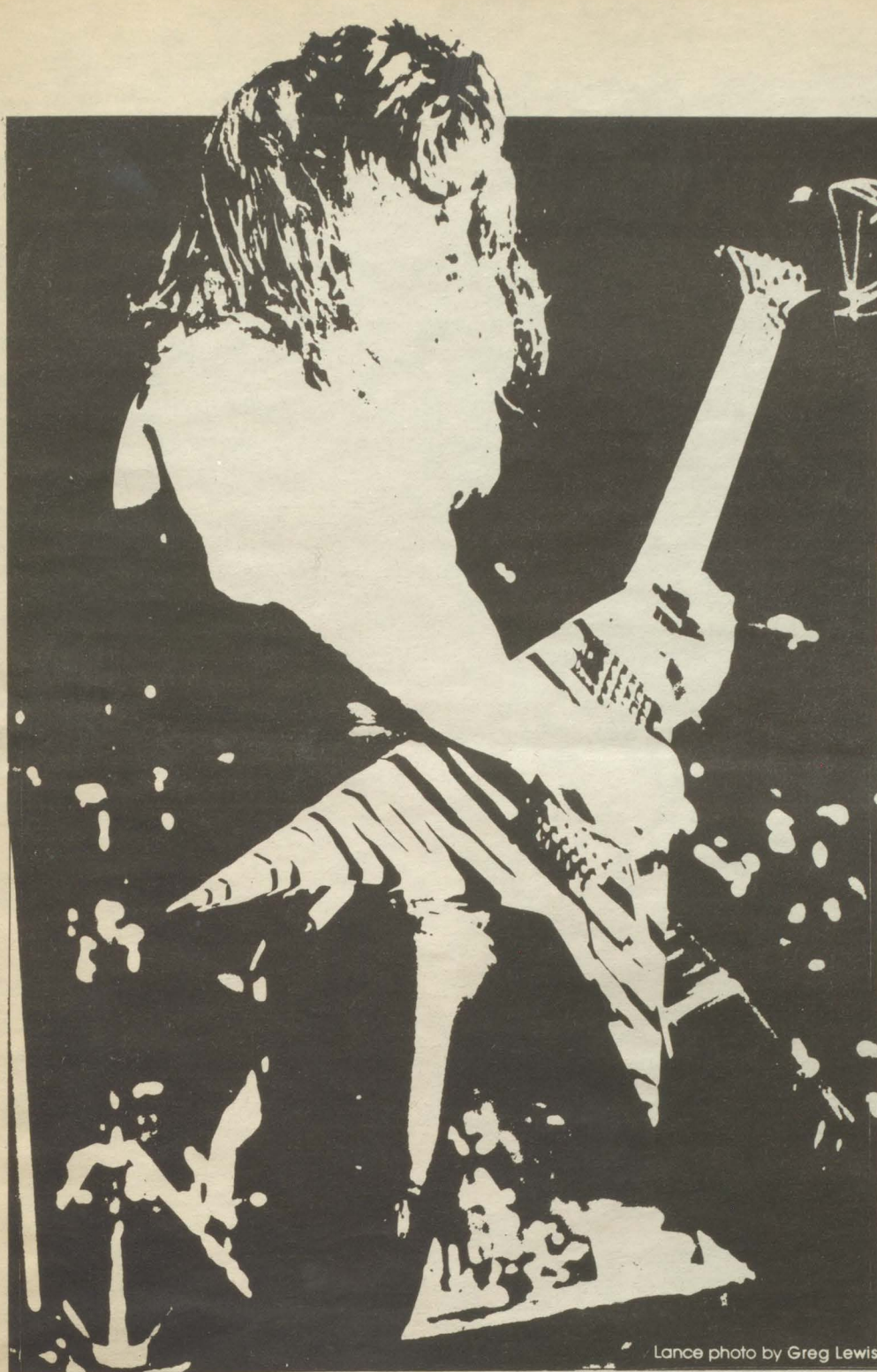
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Lance photo by Greg Lewis

DEATHRIDE

by Lorenzo Buj

It's too bad Harpo's wasn't quite at full capacity two Fridays ago when New York's "underground" Metal megashakers, Anthrax, played.

This band's debut LP, *Fistful of Metal* (domestically on Banzai Records), features a sound guaranteed to raise bones among the dead and force a second coming long before its time. And yet I'm not sure how many of the audience pondered the same as the razing, mounting charge of "Deathrider" opened a sharply executed live set.

No matter, it was all so gloriously reminiscent of hey-day Discharge and thrasher-than-thou GBH that Anthrax's evocation of punk's pummeling aesthetic was satisfyingly brutal.

The set crashed on. I began wondering: if their inevitable future deal with a major label doesn't corrupt them, then I can't see how Anthrax (along with Metallica, Venom, and Ottawa's Exciter) could fail to assert themselves as great 80's harbringers of power-rock doom—a sort of Judas Priest to the nth extreme.

Still, worse things have happened, like the decline of punk. But it's from the cacophony of that decline that Anthrax have wrenched their overwhelming musical impetus. Rhythm guitarist Scott Ian writes almost all of the songs and he's the first to admit that the big English names of 80's punk are among the band's premier precursors.

Wowed by attending an Exploited show where the crowd burst into slam-dance madness, Ian's own long-haired crew has moved in that direction.

Harpo's massive PA system certainly did justice to an onslaught one wouldn't find so momentous in the closer quarters of hardcore clubs, but the stage was another story.

Used to playing clubs and halls where, following hardcore's participation tradition, audiences bash about and leap forth fearlessly from stage precincts, the 6 or so foot rise in Detroit—while great for the banally familiar Metal image—invoked too much of a distance between performers and onlookers.

Doubtless, the band will get their share of close-quarters action when they hit San Francisco and the pointy-heads come around to check out what all the head-banging hooliganism is about.

But let's not go on with that. Let's just say that Discharge's *Hear Nothing See Nothing Say Nothing* is one of Ian's fave chunks of vinyl so that underground Metal's debt to fire-brained punk will, among seekers of essential Metal, displace the prevalent Wimp 'n' Roll of Def Leppard and Quiet Riot.

I won't, however, refrain from noting that Anthrax continues to propound lyrically the simple and usually stupid mythos of the kind built around violence in the night, death-speed car careening, blind power, etc. etc.

It still stands to reason, however, that these guys form one of the most impressive young bands around—average age about 19 or 20.

You gotta be youthful to survive, but don't tell that to Gary Moore whose guitar weavings, a generation removed from Anthrax's flurried windtunnel gallop, fills Harpo's on June 23.

A sense of belonging?

by Philip Rourke

"A picture is not a picture unless I am in it," concludes Hartoutoon Sundookian in the play *A Day Out of Time*, presently being performed at the Detroit Repertory Theatre.

Set on Ellis Island in 1906, a holding place for immigrants and for many years the subject of much controversy regarding abuse and corruption, the play is a depressing yet uplifting portrayal of a small group of people who began our roots in North America.

And Sundookian, and Armenian whose pride and long mustache provide "an umbrella" for those immigrants who are afraid of the U.S. immigration authorities, is right. The U.S. (and Canada) is made up of immigrants just like those in this play and even the best *melting pot* theory cannot escape the fact that the North American social fabric contains people from a hundred or so countries who must be represented in the family album.

The play is about our family roots and how difficult it was for our ancestors to get admitted into the "Land of Freedom." While watching how these immigrants were treated, I was frequently reminded about Canada's policy toward Jewish immigrants during the era of the Second World War: "None is too many" was the going prejudice.

Each of the ten immigrants who are awaiting clearance from the U.S. immigration authorities is marked physically and emotionally by their experiences. Their physical decay is accentuated by chalk letters on their coats (L-lame, E-eyes, C-cough, etc.), put there by the authorities to classify those who qualify for Freedom's team and those who do not. These letters are effective symbols in the play. The immigrants stare at these letters as if they were diseases (they are not told what the letters mean) and when they get immigration clearance, they violently brush the chalk off from their shoulder as if it were a malaria-ridden mosquito which

was taking a rest before deciding which section of exposed flesh it would land upon and implant its deadly timebomb.

The play convincingly illustrates the anxiety that these people go through; an endless pile of frustration which makes their feet drag and their eyes water. The Hungarian (played by Robert Rucker) rids himself of his frustration by outwitting the immigration authorities; the Armenian (played by Darius Dudley) deals with fear by completely ignoring it and proclaiming himself leader of immigrants. Each individual has to deal with his or her own characteristic reality and they all succeed in getting through their first experience in Freedomland. At the end of the play, their skin is more hardened and the audience learns that none is always too few.

Of special mention are the performances of Dudley as the Armenian, William Boswell as Mordecai Rubkin, a Russian Jew who has



Wilton Hurt (left) and William Boswell in Detroit Repertory Theatre's *A Day Out of Time*. The play continues through June 24. For info call (313) 868-1347.

to return to Europe without his family because he is plagued with consumption, and Bathsheba Garnett as his wife Hanna. Boswell's performance is an intense and gripping portrayal of a man fighting to stay rational in the face of

defeat, and Garnett (an Associate Professor at Windsor's School of Dramatic Art) as Hanna provides the needed relief and serenity to a group of immigrants who seem to be always on the verge of collapse. □



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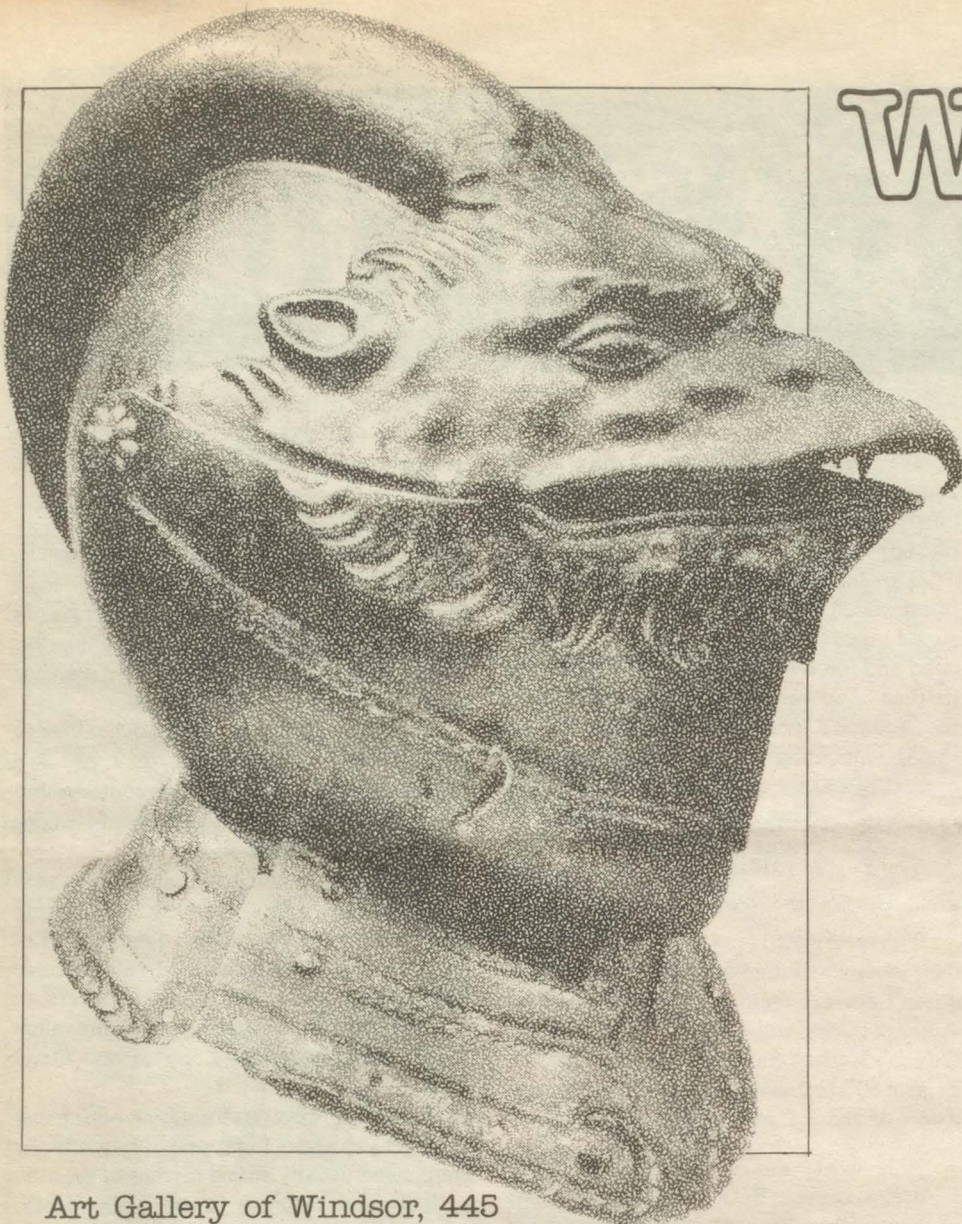
D.O.S. announces acquisition of Peter Burton, new bass-player. Now all we need is Heather on rhythm guitar.

Off-Campus Housing listings now available at the University Centre desk for students requiring housing and those renters looking to advertise. This service will be around on a year-round basis so check out the Centre desk.

Apartment—sublet for summer. Mature couple require furnished apt. June 15-Sept 17, dates are flexible. We are non-smokers; will take good care of your possessions. References, Windsor 735-5508; Vancouver (604) 683-0841.

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Art Gallery of Windsor, 445
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The Prints of Alex Colville

One of Canada's foremost artists presents some of his haunting, sensitive prints. Through June 17.

Baker Lake Prints and Print Drawings,
1970-76.

On loan from the Winnipeg Art Gallery, this selection of stone cuts, stencil prints and preliminary drawings represent the work of Inuit artists Luke Anguhadluq, Ruth Annagtuusi and Jessie Oonark. Through June 24.

The Figure: A Selection of Canadian Painting
1983-84

Hot off the easel, these works make a strong case for the new figurative movement

oil painting. A discussion will be held Wednesday June 20 at 10 a.m. entitled "Debunking the Myth of Neo-expressionism and Dealing with the Reality of Figurative Painting Today." Come and watch the sparks fly. June 17-July 15.

Artcite, 1233 University W.

Dreamscapes

Suzanne Konhya interprets the forces of landscape in her paintings and relief constructions. Through June 17.

Collaborations: Bicentennial

Lots of fun to be had by all in this project featuring performances and installations by local artists, poets, and musicians. This 5-week series will take place all around the city. July 2 to August 4.

Works

A guide to the art that matters

Three Women: Crossed Border

Three Detroit and N.Y.C. artists investigate ritual, unemployment lines, and art history in mixed media sculptures and installations. June 20 to July 15.

The Detroit Institute of Arts,
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1894-1984



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Fabergé: The Forbes Magazine Collection

200 exquisite works of Fabergé, creator of lavish jewelry, boxes, frames, household objects, and fantasies, will be displayed at

the DIA. Included are ten Imperial Easter Eggs, made by Fabergé for Czars Alexander III and Nicholas II. Opens June 27, through August 12.

Voyages Pittoresques:
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The Art of Chivalry:
European Arms and Armor from the
Metropolitan Museum of Art

From crossbows and firearms to helmets and gauntlets, this exhibit runs the gamut of chivalrous hardware. 120 rare examples chronicle the history of heraldry from the 15th century hackers to the more polite 19th century rapiers. Demonstrations every Saturday. Through June 17.

Love's Gallery, 1533 Ouellette
Ave.

Mary Kendrick, Ben Jenson, Lorraine Ford and Eileen Gambriel display their recent work.

Chatham Cultural Centre, 75
William St. N., Chatham

The intriguing, illusory woodcuts and lithographs of M.C. Escher are on display through June 30.

Detroit Artists Market, 1428
Randolph St., Detroit

Architecture: Other Ideas

Work of Windsorite Tom Regenbogen is included in this mixed media exhibition.

—compiled by Christine Burchnall
and John May

Without reservations

by Sarah Atkinson

*Ya want spectacle? I'll give ya spectacle.
Ya want a reason to dress up and go out?
I'll give ya a reason to dress up and go out.*

Some of us will always wonder why the members of the Metropolitan Opera don't drown in the annually self-inflicted Wagnerian flood.

Perhaps Wagner's little musical extravaganzas are just the necessary primevals of the the opera world and that's that. A rather large blot, but egged on, nay, willed into existence year after year by opera enthusiasts of the most S&M-istic variety. Wagner goes on stage and goes on tour. Hordes of devotees and other victims poured into Detroit's Masonic Temple for the five-hour production of *Die Walküre* on May 31st. "Five hours!" the uninitiated might gasp (whereas the initiated sneak a yawn); this includes two twenty-minute intermissions designed for recharging and hefty highbrowing (and a chance to view real life on the Cass Corridor through your opera glasses).

Wotan and company howled out with feeling despite the less-than-optimum acoustical conditions of the Masonic's auditorium. Hildegard Berens, as Brünnhilde, put up an especially good fight. Berens, filling in for an ill Eszter Kovacs, displayed strength and a butch genteelness appropriate for the

part. Jon Vickers and Johanna Meier moaned and slobbered effectively through the roles of brother-sister, would-be, but star-crossed, lovers (yes, Freud would have a heyday with this one) against a backdrop which resembles Munch at his best and O'Keefe at dusk.

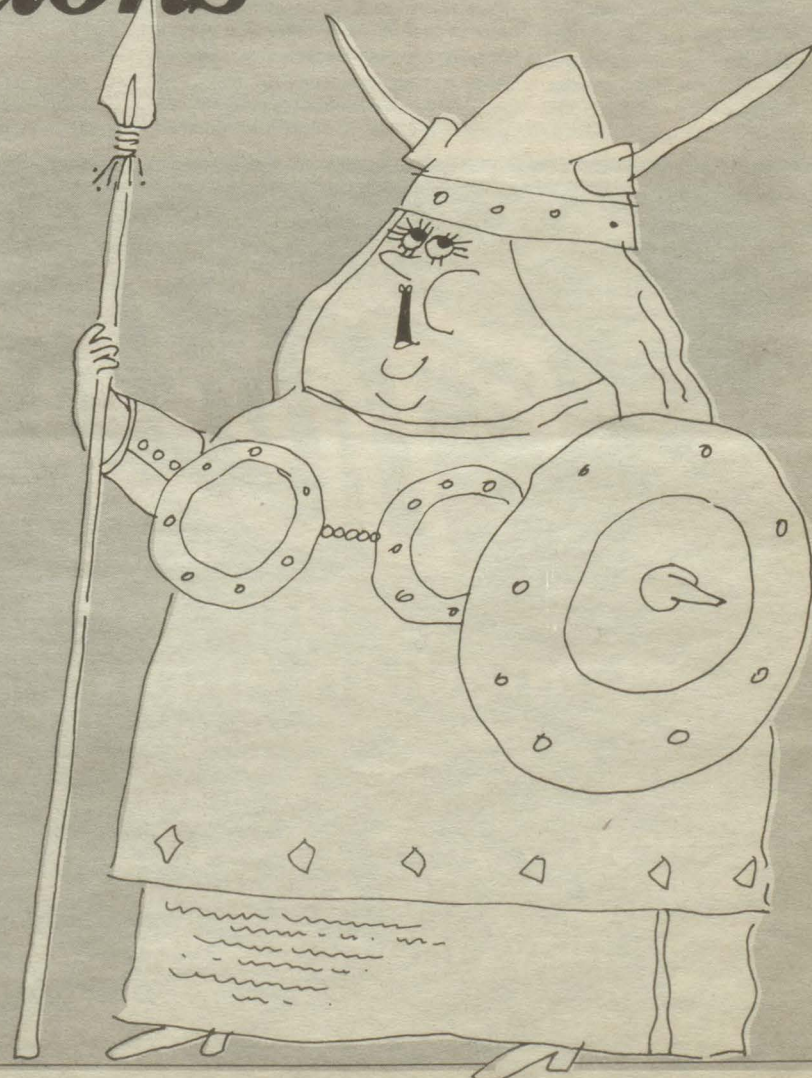
James Levine did well in the pit despite the inherent musical uninterestingness of Wagner in general.

At the risk of belabouring the poor dead failed romantic, I can't help but ask of what possible purpose (artistic or other) Wagner's emotional bombasticism can be. As a friend of mine queried, and with some validity: How can you expect an audience to remain interested in a play-by-play account of every given emotional response that takes place between two high-strung Norse deities in a high-strung situation?

But they do, or at least pretend to. Adding insult to injury, Baudelaire's definitive remark on Wagner: "I love Wagner, but the music I prefer is that of a cat hung up by its tail outside a window and trying to stick to the panes of glass with its claws."

On the more palatable side, the Dance Theatre of Harlem performs in Detroit June 13-17 at the Music Hall.

The company's style is rooted in classical ballet but its repertoire displays a wide variety of dance styles. For information and tickets phone the Music Hall Box Office at (313) 963-7680. □

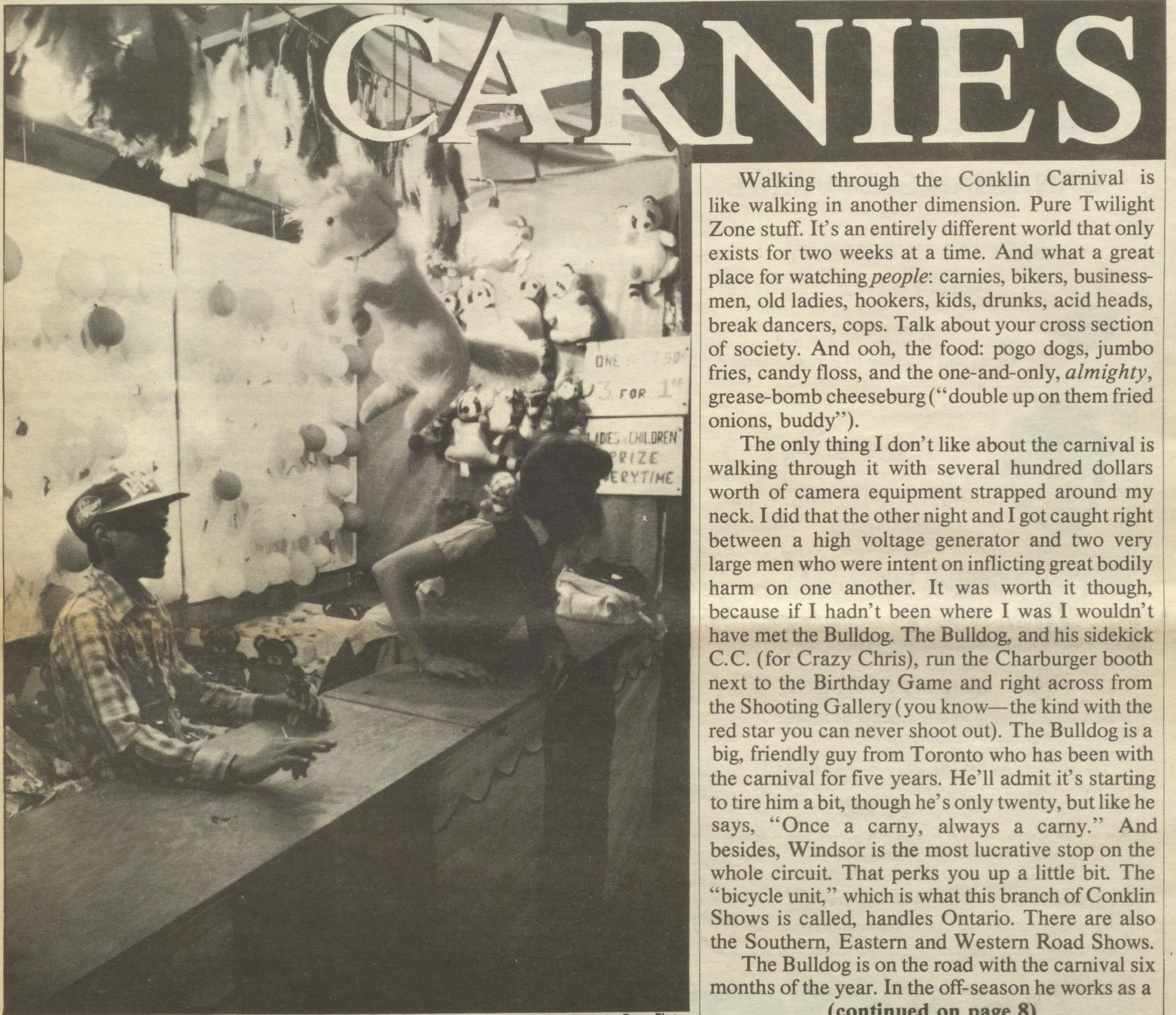


the summer Lance



Vinyl
Politics
page 4

University of Windsor, Volume I, Number 3, 28 June 1984



Lance Photo by Dave Fine

Walking through the Conklin Carnival is like walking in another dimension. Pure Twilight Zone stuff. It's an entirely different world that only exists for two weeks at a time. And what a great place for watching *people*: carnies, bikers, businessmen, old ladies, hookers, kids, drunks, acid heads, break dancers, cops. Talk about your cross section of society. And ooh, the food: pogo dogs, jumbo fries, candy floss, and the one-and-only, *almighty*, grease-bomb cheeseburg ("double up on them fried onions, buddy").

The only thing I don't like about the carnival is walking through it with several hundred dollars worth of camera equipment strapped around my neck. I did that the other night and I got caught right between a high voltage generator and two very large men who were intent on inflicting great bodily harm on one another. It was worth it though, because if I hadn't been where I was I wouldn't have met the Bulldog. The Bulldog, and his sidekick C.C. (for Crazy Chris), run the Charburger booth next to the Birthday Game and right across from the Shooting Gallery (you know—the kind with the red star you can never shoot out). The Bulldog is a big, friendly guy from Toronto who has been with the carnival for five years. He'll admit it's starting to tire him a bit, though he's only twenty, but like he says, "Once a carny, always a carny." And besides, Windsor is the most lucrative stop on the whole circuit. That perks you up a little bit. The "bicycle unit," which is what this branch of Conklin Shows is called, handles Ontario. There are also the Southern, Eastern and Western Road Shows.

The Bulldog is on the road with the carnival six months of the year. In the off-season he works as a

(continued on page 8)

New PM to be sworn in on Saturday

by Becky Parent
at the Liberal Leadership Convention

Fifty-five year-old Bay Street lawyer John Napier Turner told a group of reporters outside of the Ottawa Civic Centre that he felt "somewhat numb, but exhilarated" after being elected leader of the Liberal party and Prime Minister-elect by 3500 convention delegates.

With placards declaring "Bonjour John—Bye Bye Brian," Turner easily defeated six others bidding for the leadership, including second place Energy Minister Jean Chrétien, after just two ballots.

Chrétien announced to the party in his concession speech that it was "unanimous" and that he too would support the new Liberal leader, as long as "the Liberal party remained the Liberal party", a comment thought by many to be a warning to Turner regarding Turner's right wing policies.

At his Saturday evening press conference

Turner insisted he's been in the mainstream of Liberal tradition all along and is not a carbon copy of Brian Mulroney as some of his opponents suggested during the campaign.

In terms of policy, he has stated that he wants to cut the deficit in half in seven years, but considers unemployment top priority. He favours free trade with the U.S. and supports the Foreign Investment Review Agency. Turner has also stated a possibility of selling Crown Corporations that are not successful.

Turner said he will resign his 12 directorships as soon as he can and then will get down to the tasks of deciding when to call the next federal election and even more importantly, where he will run.

It is thought by many of Turner's organizers that a fall election would be most likely, although key Grits are pressuring him to call it while the party is riding high from the publicity of the convention. Turner is expected to be sworn in as Prime Minister on June 30th. □



Lance Photo by Becky Parent

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A lesson in press freedom

by Gord McIntosh

reprinted courtesy of *Content* magazine from their
May/June '84 issue

Three McGill University student journalists aren't so sure about Canada's boast of a free press after a three month involuntary crash course in law and press muzzling.

It all seemed so simple in early November when the three—Peter Kuitenbrouwer, Albert Nerenberg, and Karen Bastow, all 21—decided to pick up on a story in the *Montreal Gazette* that involved two McGill professors turned jet-set inventors who formed three companies operated in Canada, the United States, and Europe. The professors made the university a minority shareholder in a way that contravened its own charter and then dragged the three students and a former McGill research associate into a controversy that has meant jail for one of the players in this little comedy of errors.

Irving DeVoe and Bruce Holbein, both microbiology professors at McGill, came up with an invention, in the department, they said would remove different metals from liquids. The invention could be used to reduce corrosive elements in water-cooled reactors, prevent spoilage in pharmaceutical products, and recover precious metals from mine tailings.

The three student journalists were prevented by a Quebec Superior Court judge from even saying that information, let alone writing it. But more on that later.

DeVoe and Holbein were more than a couple of guys building a better mousetrap. They borrowed \$40,000 from departmental funds and DeVoe's federal research grant that was awarded for academic research and used this money to finance on-campus research into the invention. DeVoe's wife was hired under her maiden name, Lynn Parker, to work on the project.

McGill received shares in two of the companies in return for allowing work to be done on campus. The university has been told by its own brokers that those shares aren't worth much, even though the McGill charter says the university must receive 20 per cent of profits made from any enterprise conducted on campus.

The two inventors have teamed with Montreal stock promoter Irving Kott, who seems to think the invention could be worth millions.

University officials said last fall they saw nothing wrong. But a report commissioned by the university after a controversy erupted did, and said McGill failed to prevent a major conflict of interest.

Written by Montreal lawyer Alex Patterson, the report said the professors shouldn't have used the microbiology department's administrative assistant and administrative secretary to work on their enterprise. He also thought use of the grant money was something of a peccadillo.

Unlike most inventors, DeVoe and Holbein weren't keen on the world beating a path to their door. From the beginning, a veil of secrecy was thrown around the project with staff strictly forbidden to speak to anyone.

And, as the three student reporters would find out, DeVoe and Holbein would go to great lengths to keep

stories about them out of the *McGill Daily*. That's where the students' lesson in journalism and the law begins.

The three decided to dig up their own facts about the professors after reading the *Gazette's* piece and, being three innocents, they wanted to get both sides of the story.

So they wrote the professors a letter on the morning of November 16 last year, telling them some of the stuff they had unearthed and asking for their comments. They asked the professors to call. The teachers didn't, but their lawyers did—the same day.

The lawyers told the three students to be in court at 3 p.m. that day. After a two-hour wait at the courthouse, the students discovered the professors' lawyers were seeking a temporary injunction to prevent them from publishing anything that might give away secrets of the invention. The students assured the lawyers they didn't have the secret of the invention and wouldn't print it if they did.

They left the courthouse thinking they could go ahead with their investigations. In fact, they went back to the newspaper and filed a story about a chemist, Chan Fai Yam, who claimed it was he who had developed the invention but was wrongfully left off the patent application. He is suing the professors for \$500,000.

The students found themselves called back to the courthouse the following morning. This time, they and Yam were hit with temporary injunctions by judge Louis Tannenbaum. The injunctions were so encompassing and vague that the *Daily* was even prevented from reporting a description of the invention which had already appeared in the *Gazette*.

The student journalists' lawyer told them to say nothing about the invention. Meantime, the injunction, a court document that anyone could read if they took the time to look it up, carried a full description.

The students tried to fight the injunction the following week, going to the courthouse this time without a lawyer. The injunction was sustained by the same judge, as it was December 5. It was sustained again December 15, this time by Judge Maurice Mercure.

While all this was going on, the *Gazette* was covering this new twist in the case, and repeating a description of the invention prominently in each story.

Pay attention: Today we learn Lesson No. 1 about temporary injunctions. The respondents, frequently nosey journalists, don't get to defend themselves when a temporary injunction is sought. The defence is made at a subsequent interlocutory hearing. In the case of the three student journalists, the interlocutory hearing was scheduled for January 23, effectively keeping the professors' names out of the campus paper for two months, over one quarter of their publishing year.

And now we learn about another important part of the legal system: making deals.

By now, the students had another lawyer from Quebec Legal Aid who told them no judge would take them seriously. Also bugging the young reporters was

(continued on page 6)

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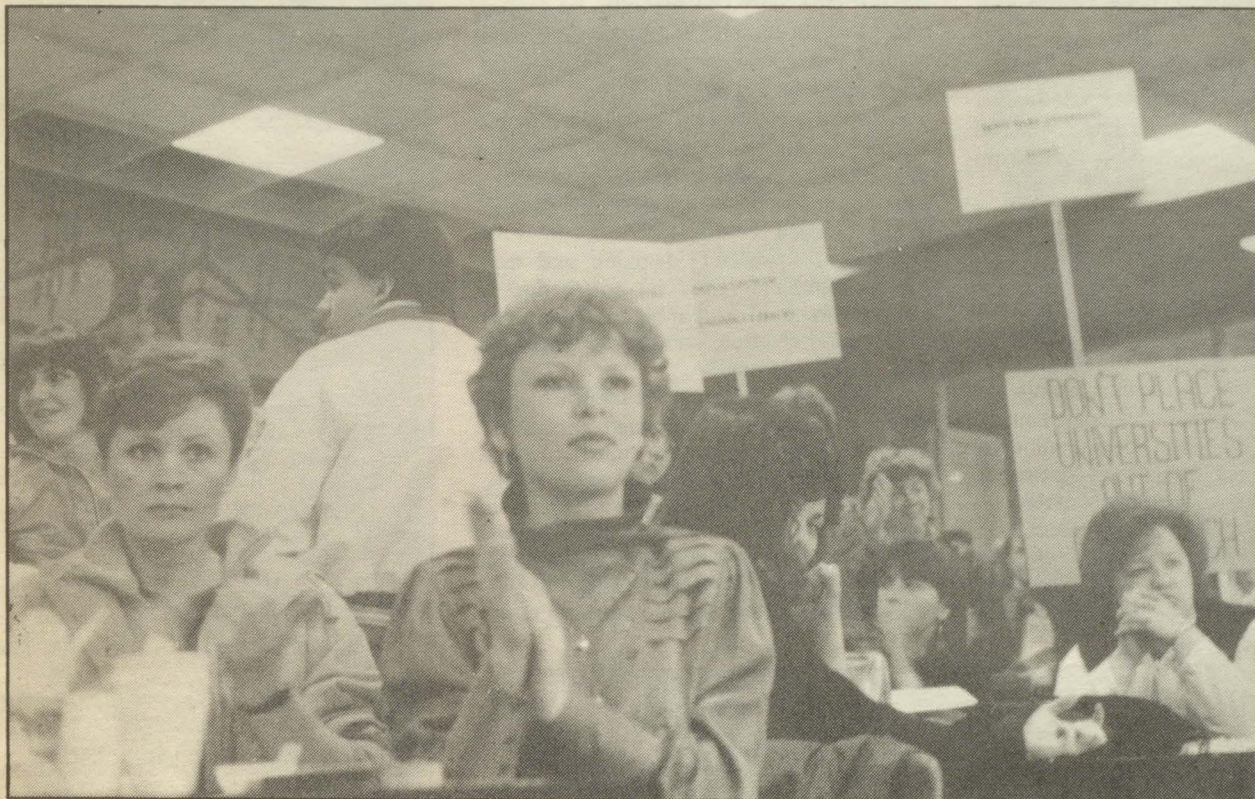
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Exhibiting symptoms of stress



On June 15th, The Commission on the Future Development of the Universities of Ontario (The Bovey Commission) released part one of a two volume discussion paper "in order to seek reactions, suggestions and briefs from all components within the universities, from other organizations and from the public at large, including business, industry and labour, before we proceed to formulate our recommendations to the Government of Ontario in mid-November 1984."

The paper, "Ontario Universities 1984: Issues and Alternatives" asks the above audience for feedback to fifty questions which address quality, accessibility, adaptability, balance and differentiation (specializations), and funding arrangements.

Yet one cannot help but think the decisions have already been reached and asking for opinions from without the commission is a masked formality. The commission and the government (unfortunately, quite interchangeable in this case) maintain that "the universities are clearly exhibiting symptoms of stress." Of course they are; they've been inadequately funded for years. Reading through the list of difficulties it becomes only too clear that the problems are more of a reflection of the lack of insight and poor job the Ministry of Education under Bette Stephenson has executed in the past to cause this imbroglio.

The first question asked in the discussion paper is indicative of their blind unwavering direction from the beginning. Funding is not a question; instead they want us to tell them how they can cut even more expenses:

"What does your university (or institution) consider to be its distinctive character and role among the range of Ontario universities? Given the funding premise outlined in the introduction to the terms of reference of the Commission, and given the current profile of activities within your institution, what do you envisage as the appropriate areas of activity upon which to focus development and expansion within your institution? Which areas might be contracted or eliminated over the next decade or so?"

If you would like further information about the Bovey Commission or would like access to the discussion paper, contact Kevin Johnson, Chairperson of the Students Concerned About the Bovey Commission at the SAC office, University Centre.

To refresh your memory, here's a summary of what's been said on the issue so far:

We shall have to face the future in ways that are anticipatory—enhancing those things that we do well and selectively improving and eliminating other things. Both government and the universities are agreed that above all, excellence must remain the highest for our universities.

—Dr. Bette Stephenson,
Minister for Colleges and Universities
to the Ontario Legislature on Dec. 15, 1983

...the time has come in the relationship between government and the universities for the government to exercise leadership through a short-term intervention in the planning process.

—Stephenson, from policy statement
"Blueprint for Universities"

A free society requires a higher educational system that is independent of the government of the day in matters of teaching and research. The autonomy of the universities in this sense is a key to sustaining social and intellectual freedoms for the whole society. Indeed an obligatory role of the university is to function as a social critic.

—from handbook prepared by OCUFA,
(Ontario Federation of University
Faculty Associations)

The government believes that the establishment of highly specialized, designated-purpose institutes through co-operative involvement of the universities and the business sector would contribute significantly to our economic recovery.

—Dr. Bette Stephenson

There is unanimous agreement that after years of underfunding, Ontario's university system is in a crisis. Reducing access, making universities more specialized and trying to base programs on hazy job market predictions is not the solution.

—Dr. Bill Jones President of OCUFA

I'm not really in a position to say whether they (the universities) are cash starved or not...

—Edmund Bovey on CBC radio

I am led to wonder whether we truly need 10 faculties of education producing over 3000 graduates annually, at a time when the potential for teacher employment remains uncertain.

—Bette Stephenson

Cut Bette, Not Students
—placard at U of W rally

In the 1960's, 'Student Power' was a potent force. It died in the seventies: let's bring it back in the '80's.

—Dr. Donald Wallen,
U of Windsor's Faculty Association President

I believe the university of tomorrow should have more clearly defined, different and distinctive roles. Each of them should assume a character and structure that is consistent and compatible with that role.

—Stephenson in the Ontario Legislature

DUMP BETTE. No dumping toxic waste
—graffiti in the University Centre

the summer Lance

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Letters

We were expecting you

Dear Editor:

After reading the picayune comments of Mr. Walker and Ms. Gale in your last issue I feel I must respond on behalf of W.O. Mitchell and my fellow academics.

The inferences drawn by your correspondents from Mitchell's remark that he would not take a class in Oriental Cooking were a) that Mitchell feels that Oriental and Asian cultures are a joke, b) that westerners degrade food and malign Asia, and c) that Mitchell and the university are racist. To derive so much from so little may indicate that the correspondents are remarkably perceptive. Some, however, would see in it credulity, naivety and possibly brainwashing.

First, Mitchell was alluding to a course which has long been perceived here and elsewhere as blatantly non-academic. Hence the unanimous decisions of the Departmental Council, Faculty of Arts Executive, Senate Executive and Senate to drop the course. At the same time those committees clearly supported Asian Studies by adding to the departmental offerings six new courses, 10-222, 10-225, 10-340, 10-342, 10-200 and 10-201, the latter two being second-year Japanese Language courses.

Second, it could well be argued that the University of Windsor is the least racist in Canada since in 1982-83 we had 24.2% of foreign students in our complement (31.6% in first year) and in 1983-84 19.2%, giving us the highest foreign student ratios in the whole of Canada.

It is both facile and grossly unfair for people ignorant of the facts to malign the university and its officers and casually to bandy about the charge of racism. Those of us who are attempting to improve the academic calibre of the University deserve support, not unsubstantiated criticism and insults.

Regarding prejudice, it is to be found as readily in Northern Ireland as in Northern India, in the Egyptian and Roman Empires of the past as well as in the Russian Empire of the present. It exists; only a fool would deny it, but to imply that we have a monopoly is manifestly absurd.

Dr. H.W. Bird,
Professor and Head,
Dept. of Classical and Modern Languages.

A letter to the Editor should be limited to 500 words or less. They may be submitted to the Lance office directly or dropped off at the Lance's mailbox at the SAC office on the second floor of the University Centre during normal business hours. The Lance reserves the right to edit all letters for libel and space. All letters must be signed.

Young Grits find money talks

Toronto (CUP)—The recent election of John Turner as Liberal leader seems to have confirmed at least one thing: that money talks and those without it don't.

Two little-known Liberal leadership hopefuls withdrew from the race before the big money hoopla began simply because they could not muster the financial support to get involved.

Neither John Frederick Cameron nor Chris Mostovac were able to raise the \$25,000 bond required for a Liberal candidacy.

The twenty-four-year-old Cameron, a student at the University of Ottawa, and the twenty-one-year-old Mostovac, a Concordia University student, entered the race well into the campaign, but without the flourish or media attention accorded the final seven.

Both entered the race for one reason only, to promote issues that concern Canadian youth. With youth unemployment hovering around twenty per cent and an ailing education system on their hands, a strong voice for youth at the Liberal leadership convention seemed like a good idea.

Indeed, even Céline Hervieux-Payette, Minister of Youth, endorsed the idea of

youth candidacies to increase awareness of youth issues. But when it came down to the wire, and her political career was on the line, Hervieux-Payette, like many other Grits, was quick to jump on the Turner bandwagon.

Liberals, young and old alike, didn't warm to the idea of a youth candidate, at least not enough to reach into their pocketbooks. From the outset, Mostovac and Cameron garnered no more than mild approval from Liberal youth.

As Terry Fallis, Ontario Liberal Youth Chairperson for Jean Chrétien said: "It's everyone's democratic right to run in an election. If they (the youth candidates) are serious and genuinely concerned then it could be a good idea."

Yet it wasn't to be. Young Liberals like Fallis were hesitant to throw their support behind a youth candidate for a number of reasons. First, young Grits have never perceived themselves as a voting block united by pressing issues such as unemployment, education, and underfunding of post-secondary institutions. They have remained individuals concerned with the larger issues that affect

all members of the Party, not to mention their concern with their own political careers.

Secondly, the fact that Mostovac and Cameron would each have required the support of seventy-five delegates on the first ballot to recover their \$25,000 bonds seemed to most young delegates to be an unrealistic, if not impossible goal.

A third factor was the desire to back a winner. As the poor showing of the distant backrunners demonstrated, Liberal delegates, including youth, were not interested in supporting lost causes.

Delegates weren't idealistic and they weren't gamblers. They set out to back a winner who could cash in big for them in the next federal election, and few strayed from that predictable course.

The youth delegates at the Liberal leadership convention were, as expected, a pragmatic and predictable bunch. And while it may be a sign of the times, it was most uninteresting.

Supporting Chris Mostovac or John Frederick Cameron would probably have been a money-losing venture, but it could have provided for some rich debate, something sadly lacking in the Turner coronation. □



Leaders eyeing each other's strongholds: Mulroney could make gains in Quebec; Turner has hopes for the West.

Mulroney: A Conservative of substance

by Peter Freele

I must admit to a certain amount of reticence when asked to review the biography of Brian Mulroney: *The Boy from Baie-Comeau*. (James Lorimer & Co.)

After all, the title smacks of political myth-building along the lines of George Washington and his cherry tree, and I fully expected a lightweight political puff piece.

I was wrong. Instead, the book is an objective, superbly researched chronicle by a trio of experienced Canadian writers. Between them, Rae Murphy, Robert Chodos, and Nick Auf der Maur have had considerable experience writing about politics in Canada, particularly in Québec, and the political and business establishments with which the government deals.

The book is certainly needed. To most Canadians, Mulroney is little more than a handsome, charming image on the screen mouthing vague and ambivalent policy statements. We should all know more about the man who could easily be our next Prime Minister.

The book is generally favourable. It shows Mulroney as a Conservative of sub-

stance. It traces his early years, growing up in a small Quebec company town, a fact that he constantly hammers on in speeches, where his political convictions were formed. It shows him, by the time he reaches University, as both a competent, committed politician and a committed Conservative.

Mulroney's "meteoric" rise as a labour lawyer, who was instrumental in solving a very difficult, volatile labour/management deal on Montréal's waterfront, is dealt with in detail as is his rise in the backroom political circus of Québec's Conservative party.

We soon see that this French connection is what makes Mulroney so important to the Conservatives. They need to win Québec in order to win national power. The bilingual Mulroney, with his ties to Québec, is evidently seen as the man who can deliver Québec.

This was not always the accepted view in the Conservative Party and the book gives a great deal of detail about the power struggles in the party since Diefenbaker was forced out. The authors, in turn, put this struggle into the broader context of Canadian politics and society over the last quarter century.

This type of detailed research is the strongest element of the book. The authors know Canadian politics inside and out, and while they appear to be fair and objective, they are certainly sceptical about power and politicians' lust for it.

Their research also brings to light some damning points about Mulroney. For instance, in looking at Mulroney's much heralded presidency of the Iron Ore Company of Canada they show a much different picture than is usually portrayed in the press. By looking into the history and policies of the Canadian company and its American parent they see Mulroney in essence as a front man who would oversee the downgrading of the Canadian operation. Here, Mulroney's negotiations and public relations skills were to be used to their fullest.

While the authors' assessment of his corporate presidency may seem one-sided the depth of the research they cite and their obvious knowledge of the issues involved make it very believable. However, while the book's integrity and incisiveness make it worth reading, it's wit and humour make it enjoyable as well. Do yourself a favour before the next election and read this book. □

Politics have shaped the music industry as much as music has shaped the political forum. What follows is a brief chronology.

18something—Edison anticipates the drug underworld/recording industry connection as "Mary had a little lamb. Its fleece was white as snow" crackles out of his phonograph.

1915—On Dec. 12 Sinatra is born as blue-eyed Aryans slog it out in the trenches of France. Was *not* a very good year.

1927—Black minorities outraged over Al Jolson's silly make-up in *The Jazz Singer*. Start to plot naughty things for Watts and Detroit forty years down the road.

1944—Bandleader Glen Miller disappears on Dec. 15, presumably shot down over the English Channel by what remains of the German Luftwaffe. Consumed by his passion for the big band sound, Hitler commits suicide in Berlin and heralds an eventual Allied victory.

1955—America is in the midst of the most boring, politically stable and perhaps most peaceful years since WWII, but over in England Mrs. Simonon counters the blahs with a Dec. 15 Brixton progeny to be known as Clasher Paul.

1962—The Cuban Missile Crisis thrusts Mrs. Dallin into Central American fruit as she gives birth to a big bananarama; a daughter named Sarah, on Dec. 17.

1966—As Lyndon Johnson sends more conscripts and money to 'Nam, John Cale and Lou Reed burn their draft cards and form the *Velvet Underground* in New York.

1973—Nixon makes tapes and horrors recording companies who immediately begin "Home Taping Is Killing Music" campaign.

1977—London's 100 Club lines up Sex Pistols, Clash, Damned, Buzzcocks, Siouxsie and the Banshees. Britain's blue collar unemployment skyrockets as everybody quits their job to form a band.

1979—Sid Vicious dies in New York on heroin bought by his mother, but Prime Minister Joe Clark's mother doesn't hear about it. Thomas Edison's mother upset about allegations her son was referring to cocaine.

1984—Germaine Greer enters recording history with an album entitled "Don't screw the Oxymoron"; David Lee Roth starts singing about Amana dishwashers and assumes editorship of *Family Circle Magazine*. Boy George, meanwhile, reflecting on both sides of any issue, packs the two off to Russia in the hope of re-opening nuclear contraception talks.

POLITICS

DEAD OR ALIVE
"Sophisticated Boom Boom"
(Epic)

Peter Burns is such a cavalier of sexual ambiguity that he'll never come across as dirty or disgusting. Watch his videos and see if you agree: on the one hand he's so dark and menacingly male enough with his woman's hair, feline body twists, and riveting head stares, that he'll play wickedly with anyone's (potentially) latent gay tendencies. On the other hand, he'll force a smile out of you just on the basis of his band's tightedged sophisticated sleaze.

And yes: this album is thump-thump-bump-that-rump, and its better cut (I'll say for now) is "That's the Way (I Like It)".

— Lorenzo Buj

R.E.M.
"Reckoning"
(IRS)

The long awaited review of this already months-old album. This is R.E.M.'s second record in two years and full of their usual artistic integrity. R.E.M., an Athens, Georgia outfit, is one of those bands who would prefer not to sell out to prefabricated formulas nor lean on the proven methods of their past successes. Admirable, very.

So *Reckoning* ranges from bucolic to bopping. Extensive use of acoustic guitars throughout the album ensures a pervasive atmosphere of Arcadian ease. R.E.M.'s sound is comparable to that of Milwaukee's Violent Femmes, but dreamier and finer in texture than the Femmes' raucous frankness.

Small town sentiments are found in the hokey and hopping "Rockville". Vocalist Michael Stipe's drawling would indeed satisfy any sensitive truck driver. "Harbourcoat" is without contest the most musically exciting cut.

In the end, what may prove occasionally boring is balanced very refreshingly by what is not, and R.E.M.'s musical range displays a fertility abounding with everything from melancholia to euphoria.

by Sarah Atkinson

HUMAN LEAGUE
"Hysteria"
(Virgin)

Human League did great wonders for electronic pop with 1981's *Dare* — a bright star of a disc featuring "Don't You Want Me," the single which, along with Soft Cell's "Tainted Love," more or less punched large holes in the petrified American "pop" charts.

Through these massive gaps poured in everything from Thompson Twins to the George Boy. And largely quiet (except for the dazzling "Fascination" single) for the duration of this new wave deluge, Human League have in 1984 decided to rebound hysterically.

Their definition of hysteria, however, has little to do with manic torrents of delirious stuff. This album rather strolls with a tempered, usually tender and soberly spirited sound.

"Louise" is a pretty, positively fragile gem of a tune on the subject of former lovers at an all so brief and all so impossible reunion. "The Sign" is more bouncy, more broad in its summary dilemmas and, using the two trademark League female backup vocalists, its clear-headed proficiency remarks on the subdued tang of the whole record.

None of the stuff's forced, or abstract, or parched in the usual synth sense. Indeed, when it explodes out of its well-nourished minimalism some interesting things happen. "Rock Me Again and Again and Again and Again and Again and Again", a James Brown tune, sounds as if Freddie Mercury has taken over vocal ga-ga-isms and the rest of the League has decided to surprise themselves by unleashing some rock bounce! "The Lebanon", a whirl of a less frantic sort, goes high on an upward ride of its own.

The rest of the disc is mellow and possibly quite successful chart material. The League doesn't usually go in for the barren guile of electro glibness and the album is as obligingly alive as Mr. Oakey's healthy voice or Mr. Jo Callis' here more prominent guitar.

— L.B.

SHOXSIE AND THE BANSHEES
4 track 12" single
(Polydor)

Once momentous scream-mother of vintage punk, Siouxsie has always been oblique with her range of beautiful black sensibilities. By the 'black' I don't mean to imply 'rotten' and 'morbid', but, rather, the rich dark textures of psychedelic mind dream.

If you understand what I mean by that, then the best song here, "Throw Them to the Lions," should make all the sense in the world. The drums follow out continuous crack-pulse, the guitar splinters sharply and incisively, and Siouxsie herself proves a truly pungent vocal presence. On "Tattoo" she's in a different gear. The music is quiet and composed and Siouxsie's voice, tracing such soft fingers all over me, exudes the sort of contained sensual lushness that Poison Girls' Vi Subversa, for example, couldn't or wouldn't want to bring off. On the other two songs here things are a little less splendid. "I Promise" is a whole lot more challenging and agreeable than "Dear Prudence," the Lennon/McCartney cover which, out of original hands, just ain't my cup of tea.

— L.B.

BLANCMANGE
"Mange Tout"
(London)

This, the second outing of Neil Arthur and Stephen Luscombe is even crisper than their *Happy Families* debut. Although their bizarre sense of funny is perhaps the only less gratifying element of their style, paradoxically Blancmange is pleasant listening for this very reason. They're not trying to change the world with their lyrics, nor the recording industry with their music. Arthur only offers a voice of deeper resonance I find so appealing in Curtis and Kerr. Luscombe's deft digits are equally clean on keys. Throw in some brass—trumpets, saxophone, trombone—add a dash of the East — sitar, tabla, madaai, santoor—and the initial sum would undoubtedly unload something refreshingly funky like "Blind Vision" (the one you've heard whether you recognize the name or not), but three revolutions after the fade we imbibe the lilt of violins, viola, cello and flute in "Time Became the Tide."

This versatility does not work throughout, however, especially with their a cappella chain gang ditty. It's all in good humour, of course, as they try to give you a taste of everything ("mange tout," "grand prix" — geddit?), but "See the Train," for all its virtues, just does not belong on this album.

Best cuts: "Game Above My Head" — a male-female relationship thing, y'know; "All Things Are Nice" — the extraneous cacophony track; and "Murder," which only lacks HAL whispering, "My mind is going....I can feel it."

Cuts destined to be overplayed by irritating wave weeny-bopper radio stations inevitably thrusting Blancmange into too much limelight and thereby making them lose sight of their foundation: "Don't Tell Me," and (already) "Blind Vision."

— Glenn Warner

CHINA CRISIS
"Wishful Thinking"
(Virgin)

Not much to say here really, except that, unlike the Style Council, this is the sort of meek inconsequence I can listen to whenever in one of my everchanging conciliatory moods.

—G.W.

SIMPLE MINDS
"Up on the Catwalk" — 12" single
(Virgin)

Though up on the catwalk with this one, the ringing SM cascade of receding beat-driven atmospherics gets rather plain. (The previous "Speed Your Love" 12" single was far more crunchier and far more satisfying). An accompanying instrumental — "A Brass Band in African Chimes" — however, is simple and dear. Here, chiming waves float out into undulating harmonic waters punctuated by percussive surges and so the whole track breathes with a confident and relaxed dignity.

— L.B.

OMD
"Junk Culture"
(Virgin)

In which, after the broody scapes of their third album (*Architecture and Morality*) and the hardware eccentricities of *Dazzle Ships* OMD rediscover melody, bringing us reminiscences of their debut album and *Organization*. Ah, yes, dear old George was still with us then. Spot was just a pup, new wave and rock were strictly segregated, and OMD insisted on being called Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark! Back then, they alternated between quick, bright ditties like "Electricity" and "Enola Gay" and the dark melodies of most of *Organisation*, unsure whether to be Depeche Mode or Joy Division.

They've emerged as neither, once just two guys with synths, they've since added such things as saxophones and genuine drums. Now the brightness is back, most obviously on "Tesla Girls" and the happy little title tune travelogue, along with lyrics (printed now for the first time) of having misplayed one's cards and missing out on love.

It takes confidence to baldly expose one's lyrics, defenceless there on the dust cover, just as it takes confidence to pull in the reins on experimentation and consolidate. The lyrics generally survive scrutiny, even when Andrew McCluskey starts playing irritating games with his voice (on "White Trash"); the music, never overwhelming, is diverting enough to keep one interested. A feeling persists, though, with such an unremarkable album as this, that it's something OMD has to get out of the way before moving on to another, more intriguing phase.

— Desmond McGrath



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Could you see Prix III?



Niki Lauda: given up for dead in '76; driving strong for McLaren today. Lance Photo by Glenn Warner

Unless your father owns a humble cottage in Monaco and a private helicopter you may have been mildly disappointed in your visit to the Detroit GP III. General admission tickets for two at \$42 Canadian allowed you, for the most part, to clutch at a wire fence for three hours from any number of poor vantage points and drink \$1 Cokes from small cups. If you got there three hours early you may not have had to watch through three rows of lifeguards with tans.

If you have such a father, however, you didn't have

any such problems because you sat in the deluxe \$75 (U.S.) reserved grandstands for three days watching the modern d' devils spurt in and out of the pits as you sipped wine from a flask.

Obviously, the GP venture isn't for poor students. Yet the feel of the race is so potent that, somehow, it makes the cost less painful. If you want to enjoy yourself at Detroit's GP IV next year, try to forget how much you're paying, or find a new father.

—G.W.

A lesson in press freedom

(continued from page 2)

the possibility they would be called to the witness stand and be asked to reveal sources, many of whom were microbiology department staffers fearing for their jobs.

The students wound up agreeing to a watered-down version of the injunction, which Kuitenbrouwer says they can live with; they simply can't get too technical about the invention.

For example: The students must still not report that peat moss is one of the possible catalysts used in the invention. The interlocutory injunction actually specifies that "peat moss" can't be mentioned by the respondents.

The students also were ordered to turn over all notes, documents, and other material dealing with the invention. Yet, in all the furor, nobody has bothered to come around and pick up the stuff.

However, there is something the students evidently didn't learn from their two lawyers. Jeff Sack, general counsel for the Newspaper Guild, says the whole exercise may have been rendered obsolete by the freedom of expression section of the new Charter of Rights and Freedoms.

"Once it was easy to get a temporary injunction, but now you've got the Charter," says Sack. "It's a totally

open field now. Didn't anyone tell them that?"

As for the others in the story, DeVoe and Holbein have taken unpaid leaves of absence from McGill. Yam went on to fight his own injunction battle at a 14-day trial in February, and lost. He was sent to jail for 14 days for contempt of court, but was released after five days on leave to appeal. The chemist still wants to claim the part of the patent he believes is rightfully his. But that would require him to tell what he knows about the invention and as long as the injunction sticks he can't do that.

The student journalists—Kuitenbrouwer, Nerenberg and Bastow—learned something else about the law in the course of events—the importance of having money for lawyers. The students couldn't help noticing how the *Gazette* was never hit with an injunction. The *Daily*, with assorted unrelated money problems, ran up a bill of \$2000 in the DeVoe-Holbein affair.

And just in case the students missed something in their unexpected education about the law, they'll have the chance to do a little refresher course.

Recently, *The Link*, the student paper at neighbouring Concordia University, ran a story about the school's athletic director and got hit with—you guessed it—a temporary injunction. But more on that in the future....



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Canadian National Institute for the Blind needs 3 or 4 volunteers to assist the blind in playing beeper baseball. Pitching and catching experience preferred. Promises to be enjoyable. If interested please call Ken Christie at 945-2321.

Riverview Day Hospital is looking for volunteers for leisure time program, Monday to Friday 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Call Linda Joyal at 254-6426 ext. 267 for details. **Y.M.C.A.** needs male volunteers to help with Day Camp activities for young boys (assisting in change-room, washroom, pool, etc.) Should enjoy the water. Program runs Monday to Friday 9 a.m.-5 p.m. July 3 to Aug. 24. Call Brenda McLaughlin for more details at 258-9622 or 256-6682.

Heart & Stroke Foundation of Ontario is in need of volunteers to serve on committees and help with campaign. Call Lily at 254-4345 for details.

DUZAPA and **BOWL OF FRUIT** will be playing the Radio Tavern on July 3. \$2.00 admission 8:00 p.m.

THE PEACE PETITION, a country-wide effort petitioning the federal government to take some definite steps in a bid to de-escalate the nuclear arm race, can be signed by contacting Vito Signorile, Ext. 2203, Rm. 151-1 WHS.

WAR, the seven part NFB documentary by Gwynne Dyer, starts July 5th at the Windsor Public Library.



Samuel Beckett

by Lorenzo Buji

If you know the work of poet Georg Trakl, if you are familiar with Dostoevsky's "demon" revolutionaries, if Beckett's plodding unnameables or Munch's far-off madonnas speak to you, then the obsessions of Nick Cave's art may begin emerging more clearly from the ever hazy hallucinatory distance that defines our image of artists and eccentrics who've ever let their visions grow rich and feverishly, fascinatingly, rotten in the hollows of their own night-lit secrecy.

Nick Cave is 26, a dark and lanky Australian fellow who once fronted The Birthday Party—the band whose self-anointed decline and fall Cave has now followed with a solo album entitled **From Her To Eternity** (on Mute Records).

But before the album or, indeed, this article can begin making sense you must understand that Cave, whose talent tends in the direction of Gothic melodrama of the most private kind, musn't be vulgarized by being peered upon as some shock specimen.

His album is a fantastic, overblown document, sick with the raspy music of its prevailing gloom and Cave's lurid ghosts. And that's what makes it a good album, a very great album.

It's reminiscent, in spots, of PiL's **Flowers of Romance**, of the Fall's dirgey punch; it's gospel music at a malevolent extreme. The band behind Cave are the Bad Seeds, and they hack and shape a dark-edged violent blues that would seem to border on the self-punishing. Take the military "Saint Huck," the wailing "Well of Misery," the beautiful, chilling "Eternity," or the overlong self-indulgent pain and piano of "A Box for Black Paul."

Take them and live with 'em, inside, outside, and under.

I wouldn't have been so convinced myself had I not been in Detroit recently to witness the Cave tour. Cave's performance, the band's fractured onslaught—with strewed, seemingly wrecked guitar intrusions and percussive blasts—illuminated completely my memory of the album's mournful,

"So, as Samuel Beckett said—and I've never said this to any other journalistic instrument—'routine is the ballast that chains the dog to its vomit.'"

indulgent romanticism. Though the onstage Cave seem sincerely self-displaying, the punk-ridden crowd barely wiffed cross-winds of his conscious/unconscious rushing religiously forth in this oddest of rock popodramas.

Later, much later, Pat Petro, Deanne Fontaine (both of CJAM) and myself, put out to harness briefly the somewhat dazed Cave, to hear some words on the subject of it, of anything at all.

He packed into a car and as we drove on held forth on the subject of Roberto Duran. By the time a friend's courtesy had landed us in a shoddy, heat hung small space of apartment up near the heart of Detroit's blighted Cass avenue, I'd seen and heard enough of the Nick Cave experience to recall "The Passersby" and "The Wandering Man," two Twilight Zone episodes set in the deep south where Serling works his artifice to inspiringly bent, pathologically languid heights of gothic suspense.

And Cave himself proved tired enough to be irritated as he found himself in the tedious and uncomfortable position of having to give glimpses of the torment and vulnerability that informs him and his work. For, with eyes often down, he maintained a tone of dim but supreme irony, pausing in his speech, collecting silence around words and phrases, carrying very consciously, very admirably, (no doubt) even mockingly, the tempo of what was largely a monologue.



A Cave of one's own

It went like this:

"So, yes I am interested in religion. I'm not a Catholic but I was in the Church of England, the church choir for six years, but I quit about 12 years ago. I think that had a significant influence over why I consider religion to be an important part of my daily routine—only because I consider that religion is the only thing, one of the only things left. I mean drugs used to be able to do it but that's certainly no longer possible. Religion is may be, one of the only things left that maybe can subvert my daily routine..."

"So, as Samuel Beckett said—and this is a scoop, because I've never said this to any other journalistic instrument—'routine is the ballast that chains the dog to its vomit,' unquote..."

"As far as me being misogynistic goes, I am misogynistic; and there's certain elements in the death of women that excite me more than the death of men do."

"And the reason we call ourselves Bad Seeds, even though it was the name of a Birthday Party record and even though we would like to divorce ourselves from the Birthday Party yet we've used the name from a record, um, just because [*trails off*] ...we wanted to be called the Blind Seeds and there was a gross typographical error."

There is an interruption at this point as Petro poses the problematic dichotomy between Cave's apparently sincere stage emotions and the "devil" image he's so often saddled with. The answer is emphatically served:

"I mean, this particular devil thing you're talking about, and my particular image being one of the young new guys, head right up kissing the devil beneath the tail, and 666, and so on, and so forth, I mean, I really have no interest whatsoever in the occult, or the unoccult. The occult really serves no purpose in my life. It has no, it can't try to help my life in any way at all; for me to believe in the devil and to believe that basic evil is actually the right way to live, just doesn't help me get along any better. It just doesn't help at all for you to get along and do what you have to do."

Right up on the heels of Petro's "Just what is it that you have to do?" I interject with the word "Beckett". Weirdly out of place, the jokiness of this offering is bypassed and Cave fashions derisively the wearisome reply:

"You have to truck on down to your fucking alternative bookstore and buy Beckett's sort of shitty new novel. I only raised Beckett from his living grave because I had an interview earlier and Beckett came up. So its like an association test, I just thought of Beckett when I saw you with a recorder in your hand."

"Samuel Beckett gave me, when I was younger and had a lot of ideas about how gross I thought a lot of things were and I plundered through school, or at least I leaped through school and read a lot of books and stuff which I had to read, which my parents religiously bought me because they were school teachers and I had to read. It was only reading **Crime and Punishment** and reading Samuel Beckett's novels that gave me kind of an excuse to be a loudmouth about how gross everything else is, because at the time I really couldn't say it because it was sort of a lonely thing to say, but it's not when you read it. But the really pessimistic life is like that, like a kind of blank—blankets or comforts that are like long warm arms around you so you can say exactly what you think about things, exactly how totally ridiculous this particular situation is, exactly."

This situation?

"Well, for example."

Silence.

I try something: "I don't understand this misogyny?"



Germaine Greer

"I just brought that up because quite often I'm asked do I have this particular desire to shove a blade into a woman's brains, or a woman's face, or head; a six inch gold blade into a woman's [*trails off*] So therefore I'm a total chauvinistic pig. I'd like to kick Germaine Greer's face in, which is say totally untrue. Germaine Greer is one of my other heroes." [*Sam Beckett being one too*].

Queries Deanne, "The old or the new Germaine Greer?"

"The new one, the one that's turned around, that's [denounced?] all this shit about contraception. The one who says turn around and be like the Italians were, are, even still; like coitus interruptus as a form of [*sighs*] contraception."

"I'm not a sociological prophet by any means, but I really thought that was a wise thing to say. I think contraception is one of the really ugly and in the future intensely embarrassing devices that this particular age has wrought, and I'm right there with Germaine Greer in saying throw your 'frainers down the bin and pull your IUD's out and flip them across the room."

"I don't care if anyone really has twenty babies or one baby. I have no social conscience whatsoever, but I really like Germaine Greer. She's one of the few people who've presented one set of ideas so incredibly convincingly, firmly, and intelligently, and so intelligently that it's rightly so what she said once, and then can turn around again and the total opposite which is exactly right again, once again. She's fantastic."

"...I've been able to, for however long I've been out of the care of my parents of whatever, just to bum along and not ever have to get a job or have to do all the really kind of humiliating things that most people end up having to do, even the really strong ones who sort of hold out end up sucking on something or other that they didn't want to suck on."

Intrigued by this I venture asking him where he'll be in ten years.

"I don't know. Maybe I'll be a great big ballooning fat black transvestite. I hope so. I don't know."

Laughter breaks. Ridicule rides easily in the air. Under the guise of politeness Cave is bearing an understandably tiresome sneer for this particularly absurd interview ritual. I

"I'm right there with Germaine Greer in saying throw your 'frainers down the bin and pull your IUD's out and flip them across the room."

feel like cutting the whole silly thing open and I ask Cave to tell me about death since "I don't know anything about it."

"Come on down. Don't you?" he counters.

"No."

"Oh. Well I don't know anything about it either."

"It's black."

"Is it. Is it black. Is death a ghetto also. I was hoping it would be lilac or—"

"That's nirvana"

"If nirvana is lilac then give me black. I find lilac one of the worst colors I can imagine. I'm sorry I can't tell you about death yet...I don't know what you're getting at. I don't know whether you're trying to seduce me, or just get scary, or what...I try to answer the questions honestly. But there's nothing I can't stand more than ghoulish people; people like you who would rather see me dead than alive...If tomorrow I died, if tomorrow you heard from one of your friends, 'did you hear Nick Cave's dead, did you hear he shot up too much heroin and was about to OD so he stabbed himself in the forehead and died?' that would be more exciting to you than—"

It becomes awkward trying to explain that the question of "death" merely developed in the course of the interview—a word association question brought on in part by Cave's earlier reference to religion, etc. But no matter, it's very, very late and death feels like the future of a gaunt illusion. □

CARNIES

car-ny or car-ney or car-nie /'karne/ n, pl carnies or carneys of attrib [short for *carnival*] 1: CARNIVAL 3a 2: one who works with a carnival

—Webster's Third New International Dictionary

(Continued from page 1)

bouncer in a Barrie, Ontario tavern and is also a sometime male stripper in the Toronto area.

It's a hectic life. The carny work is hard and the money isn't great. Bunking with five other guys is no picnic either. But "you always keep coming back." Like the Bulldog says: "it puts food in my mouth, money in my pocket and it keeps me out of trouble."

The Bulldog's attitude is not shared by John, a carny who's been in the business for "too many years" (seven).

"What I wanna do," he says, "is run away from the carnival and join a family."

John doesn't like Windsor much, mainly because he's been ripped off for about \$2000 worth of stuffed animals.

Another carny, John's friend, would identify herself only as "Trouble".

"I'm Trouble because I'm French and the way I speak it sounds weird, you know? The other night, okay, I was working in this place. It looks like a diamond. Okay it's like a ball but it looks like a diamond. And I went up to this guy and I go 'You wanna play with my diamond?' That's why they nicknamed me Trouble."

Makes sense to me.

A little further down the midway, Stuart is hustling a dart game.

"You stick 'em, I'll pick 'em," he barks. "It's easy as pie, I caught your eye, so give it a try, don't be shy! Come on in and leave with a grin. Walk in and win!"

Stuart is a Windsorite who's worked on and off for the carnival for the last six months. Right now he's glad to be in Windsor and see some old friends, but he never knows in what town he'll end up next.

"We find out when we're on the road," he explains. "A lot of people would want to quit before they travel. Say we're going to Thunder Bay or something. Somebody that we picked up in the States would want to get out. So they wait 'til we're on the road, then they surprise us."

At least one carny grew a little bit paranoid when confronted by an investigative journalist with a tape recorder. Pressed for details on carny life, he said, "I'll have to ask my manager, go over and see Dave."

Informed that Dave looked busy, he said, "Dave's not busy, that's one of his girlfriends."

The journalist remarked that Dave seemed to have enough of them.

"Yeah, that's what carny life is all about."

Dave would agree. Carny life, according to Dave, has its ups (girls, parties, money) and downs (spots where you don't make money). Dave thinks Windsor is excellent and even entered into a friendly competition with another carny.

"My buddy and I have a contest goin', seein' who can get laid the most in these two weeks."

Who's winning?

"He is, the -----."

How many?

"He's up to seven."

The Bulldog thinks people have the wrong ideas about carnies. Cleanliness for one thing. You'd have trouble keeping up appearances too if you had to tear the carnival down and put it all back together in another town by noon the next day.

All in all, carnies are good people, says the Bulldog, and they want the customers to like them.

So go to the carnival and leave your high horse at home. Instead of philosophizing about the grease spots on the pavement and the garbage, just enjoy. And stop and say hello to the Bulldog. He'll appreciate it.

—by Dave Fine and John Slama



Lance Photos by Dave Fine

The Freedom Festival will be enhanced by the atmosphere of the Conklin Carnival, now through July 4th, Riverside at Ouellette.



the summer Lance



page 4

University of Windsor, Volume I, Number 4, 13 July 1984

Special Literary Issue



Be a Great Writer in your own home!

It doesn't really take a whole lotta brains to throw together a classic novel or poetry collection. You just have to develop a feel for the proper word. Still, it's *that* very word that separates the Shakespeares and the Dickens from the Harold Robbins and the Dan Hills. All you need is a pen, paper, a dictionary, a thesaurus, and a book of quotations. (Arty novels have to start with a quotation—critics like to scamper in search of its symbolic value. It looks good, so consider throwing a few into your text as well.)

OK. Find the proper word. Some words work well, others just don't fit at all. Here's an

exercise to help you develop the feel. Try to think like the author...

Shakespeare would say:

He jests at scars that never felt a (sword, wound, brick).

Right! It's *wound*, though you could probably get away with *sword*. *Brick* doesn't feel right at all, does it? Good, try some more:

*Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless
(chap, villain, guy)!*

*Lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, 'Lay off;
Go away; Hold, enough!'*

A horse! a horse! my (knickers, kingdom, soother) for a horse!

Starting to pick it up now? Good. Let's move on to something harder.

Try to compose a sentence by filling in the blanks we've taken out of Voltaire:

Si Dieu n' _____ pas, il faudrait l' _____

Right. It was *existait* and *inventer*. How 'bout ('Writing Made Easy' cont'd on p. 6.)

'Minor chaos' in library West Wing

by John Slama

For everyone who's had to suffer through the oppressive heat of the West Library Building while conducting research, and dreads more of the same in the coming academic year, there's some good news and some bad news.

The good news is that something is finally being done about the long-dead air conditioning system. Extensive construction work will be done during the summer and fall to install a new mechanical system.

The bad news is that in order to keep the library's extensive science, engineering and literary collections accessible, all these materials will be moved to the main building, creating a "minor chaos" that could last for months.

Wallace McKenzie, the collections librarian for science and engineering, is co-ordinating the move. With a staff of ten students hired specifically for the job, he is trying to make "the neatest pile of disorder you can imagine."

Due to the absence of regular stacks, "every achievable space" will be used to house the materials, including all rectangular tables, all carrels, and even floor space in some areas. Once the move is complete, in about a month or so, there will be very little seating space left in the library, and McKenzie

is "hoping that the University can find study space" for the students.

McKenzie and his staff are working to keep confusion to a minimum. The materials from the West Library are being kept in as much order as possible, and their new locations are posted on the main floor. McKenzie is also hoping for a larger library staff this fall to help students find the materials they need.

Students may have to live with these conditions for the entire fall semester or even longer. No details, such as the projected cost and length of the construction, will be available until after the plan is approved by the Board of Governors. The proposal will be presented to an executive committee acting for the Board on July 25. Construction in the West Library would start some time after that date and it could be months before it is finished.

Once the work is complete, the books, periodicals monographs will be moved back into the West Library. That process, says McKenzie, will take longer than the first move because the materials won't be as organized as they are now. The move has been under way for about a month but should be complete well before the fall semester begins. After that, it is up to the students to be concerned enough to leave the materials "neat and tidy."



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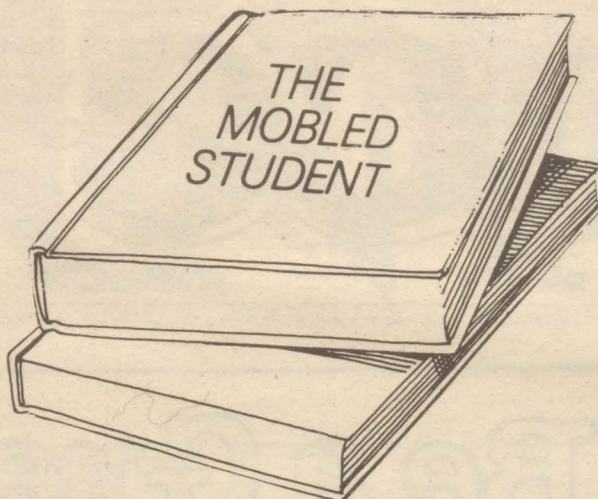
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The Get Serious Dept. presents...



Whether, as contemporary literary gossip has it, the novel is, to quote Hugh Kenner "dead", novels persist in being published and recently one arrived on our reviewer's desk which simply has too much relevance for University of Windsor students for this publication to ignore it while still maintaining a claim to relevance or credibility.

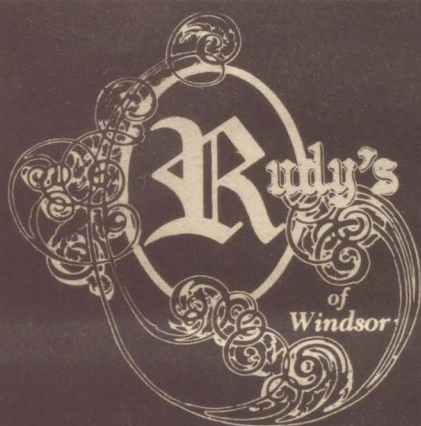
Entitled *The Mobled Student* (subtitle: *Student Housing Shortage Shock*) the book is a sentimental thriller dealing with the trials and tribulations of students on the prowl for cheap, convenient housing and the heroic efforts of the beleaguered off-campus housing director Carolyn Gill. The dramatic, often poignant saga of too many students in search of too few accommodations is at times punctuated by pointed remarks from Gill which cast the events of the entire novel—and indeed the human condition itself—in an altogether new light. For example, the punning profundity of her observation that "a lot more" houses and apartments are needed contains

an insight and strength of vision which belies the book's steamy cover photo of students locked in passionate embraces in various positions. However, as one reviewer, Residence Supervisor Shirley Chapman, has already commented, the story is much the same as one which came out at about this time last year, namely *A House, A House, My Kingdom for a House*. Here again, we see tension mounting as first year residences, not quite full in July gradually fill up in August. And again also *Mobled Student* makes use of techniques artfully employed in *A House, A House* such as the suspense-building tactic of sending acceptances to all those grade 13 students who apply for residence accommodation. Tension reaches often excruciating levels as we learn that students are given a deadline before which they must pay a \$200 deposit allowing the author to take us on a brief spin through the world of high finance complete with surreptitious dealings and double dealings in back alleys and sleazy hotel rooms.

Yet for all the intense personal dramas of the students it is the characterization of Gill which must ultimately carry the story. Following her exploits as she handles as many as thirty or forty inquiries daily is truly compelling, in the fullest sense of the word. Whereas, in most novels of this sort the off-campus housing service is a mere part-time operation, the author of *Mobled Student* upgrades it to full-time status, a move daring and audacious enough in this reviewer's opinion, to ensure it a place on the reading lists of modern Canadian fiction courses at universities across the country.

NOTE: along with the press release accompanying this book is a number for anyone interested in contributing to a companion reference guide, *Available Off-Campus Student Accommodations as of September, 1984*. Contributors are asked to call Carolyn Gill at the University Centre desk at 253-4232, ext. 3230.

—researched by John Slama,
reviewed by Desmond McGrath



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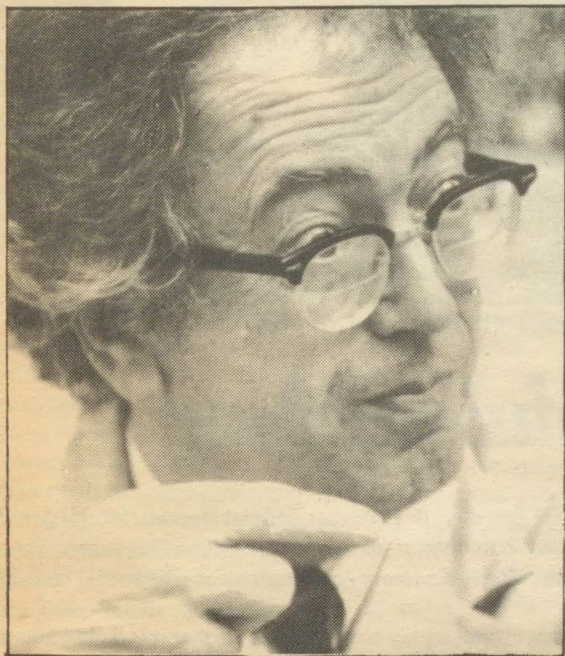


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Not perfect, but interesting

Trying to evaluate modern literature on its own merits is always a risky business, since one has not had ample time to live with it, get to know its ways, and discover whether its appeal is legitimate or merely something approximating infatuation. Given that difficulty, it takes a bit of bravado to attempt to put modern literature into historical perspective, with abiding respect for those whom time reveals as seers, and deserved obscurity to those who were only taking a shot in the dark. It's a thankless job, but somebody has to do it, somebody like onetime assistant professor at Assumption College (1946-48), now professor of English at prestigious Johns Hopkins University and established literary critic Dr. Hugh Kenner.



The *Lance's* Desmond McGrath and Lorenzo Buj hot on the literary trail, a recent discussion with Kenner kicked into gear with a question on poetry:

Buj: What about poetry, which has gone under with the rise of the novel and that?

Kenner: (Raising his eyebrows) Oh, has it?

Buj: Well, I mean it's gone under, and it's got its own audience.

Kenner: I thought the novel had gone under.

Buj: What about now, in the age of the computer, will poetry go under even more, become more or less just for specialists?

Kenner: Well, poetry was never a mass medium, you understand. There's a tendency to suppose that something terrible happened and there aren't any readers anymore—there never were; it was never a mass medium. There's occasional freak exceptions, like Robert W. Service. Or...what's his name...Edgar Guest, who used to be on the editorial page of the *Detroit Times* every day. He said "It took a heap o' livin' to make a house a home." (Laughs)

McGrath: What about the likes of Tennyson, who was big stuff in his day?

Kenner: Tennyson? Well, Tennyson again is a special case; he was Queen Victoria's poet laureate and was extremely eloquent about a lot of things that the English middle class felt strongly about. That was special. People like Wordsworth never had any particular readership; Donne circulated a manuscript, as you know. The idea that there *ought* to be a mass audience, I think is a mistake, and I think that poets who wonder where their mass audience is are being art-historical.

McGrath: I want to pick up on a remark you just made, about the novel being dead. You hear a lot of people saying that, do you go along with it?

Kenner: Well, I think it's in terminal difficulty. The particular function that printed storytelling performed in the nineteenth century is now performed by television. I think it's as simple as that. There was an awful lot of prose fiction that was turned out as a time-killer. It was sold, interestingly enough, in magazines that were sold in English railway stations to commuters, who had an hour to kill on the train, out of London, in to London. And they would read things like *The Invisible Man* or *Heart of Darkness*, which was a magazine story in four installments. And that is one use of fiction—as a time-killer. And it stopped being a time-killer with the...the movies began to displace it. Now, the trouble with the movies was that you had to go out, it was a special occasion, you had to get a babysitter. Television ended the magazines that print stories. You know the kind of magazines I mean, what the *Saturday Evening Post* used to be, what *Maclean's* used to be in this country before it became what it is now. Television ended that. It killed the short story.

The short story then reincarnates as an art form. Anytime a form is dead it becomes art. (Laughter.) Notice what happened to black and white movies...they became "cinema"—same principle. When a form is thoroughly non-functional, then it becomes art. So you've got the short story—it's a totally artificial construct.

Buj: The short story?

Kenner: Now. People take it very seriously: "I'm going to

create a work of art." And nobody wants to read it (laughs). I don't.

McGrath: Only students who have no choice.

Kenner: So, the whole time-killer brand of literature has pretty well disappeared. And that leaves behind some highly specialized genres. Things that cannot be done in any other medium, which is why the emphasis tends to go back onto the language.

McGrath: With people like Joyce starting that.

Kenner: Yes. Because there's nothing that the movies can do to compete with language for linguistic effects. And so the art tends to move into the nature of its own linguistic effects. Just as painting after photography ceased to be the thing you relied on to tell you what things looked like. The next step is that it starts getting interested in its own...its own modes of reality. "How does perspective really work?" Cubism takes off from that kind of question.

Meanwhile there's an awfully big capital investment in spring and fall publisher's seasons, so things that look like books are going to come out no matter what. And of course they're going to be *Thinner Thighs in 30 Days* and titles like that. (Laughs all around.) Publishing is not going to dry up and blow away.

Buj: You were talking last time you came about cycles in literature; for instance *Paradise Lost* being...

McGrath: (Doesn't know enough to keep quiet) Oh yes, the villain-hero with Satan in *Paradise Lost*, and that type lasted, I think you said until *Ulysses* came along.

Kenner: You tend to get a dominant work to which everything else is a series of footnotes for a long, long time.

McGrath: You think that's the case with *Paradise Lost*.

Kenner: Oh, definitely. For example the role Lord Byron played nearly two centuries later comes right out of *Paradise Lost*; is modelled on Satan. Milton invented the handsome devil and the handsome devil becomes...You find him twirling his moustaches in the melodramas. That's Milton's Satan. No Satan was ever interesting before that. Similarly the city as an inferno environment. That begins with *Paradise Lost* and it goes right on down through Dickens. Joyce changed that. *Ulysses* is the first novel about a city in which the city is allowed to be interesting. Not perfect, not Paradise, but interesting.

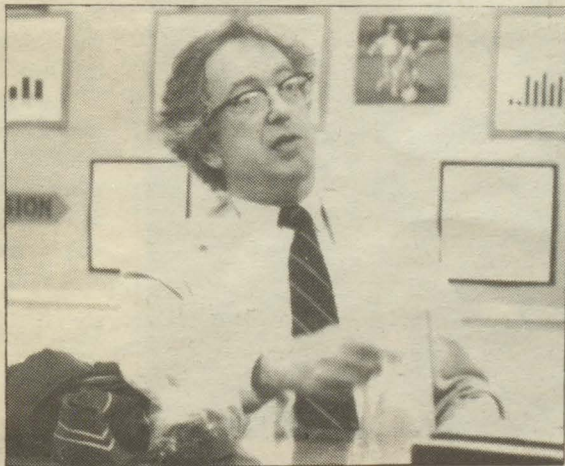
McGrath: And that attitude potentially could last for another century or two?

Kenner: And of course, Leopold Bloom replaced Satan, and Blaise's Byron is a kind of mock Satan.

Things go like that; you get some dominant work that establishes certain stereotypes and they stay for maybe two or three centuries.

McGrath: Until they're worked out.

Kenner: Until they're worked out. Or until something replaces them.



McGrath: Well, then; another change of subject: It seems that the kind of people you've studied—Joyce, Ezra Pound, Wyndham Lewis, were in their time, while they were writing, seen as huge, titanic figures. Were they not? (Kenner nods agreement.) Are there still people around like that today; there doesn't seem to be as much of it, to me. Maybe somebody like Beckett.

Kenner: Beckett is the end of that particular movement, the last of international Modernism. I think you have to remember that you get a historic situation that can make use of talent, and then you get this sudden appearance of figures. Notice how in Elizabethan England you suddenly have a whole lot of very gifted verse dramatists and it lasts about 25 years. Now, either you're going to account for that by saying that the earth was brushed by the tail of a comet at that moment and something dramatic happened. I think obviously you have to say there was a historic situation that made use of talent in a fructifying way. And that kind of thing happens at rather long intervals; next time it happened would've been the first decade of the 19th century, when all the Romantic poets suddenly appeared. I think talent is pretty randomly distributed at all times, it's probably always there, but there are long periods when it doesn't know what to do with itself.

Buj: Is this one of the periods right now?

Kenner: I suspect it is...

the summer Lance

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Letters

A letter to the Editor should be limited to 500 words or less. They may be submitted to the *Lance* office directly or dropped off at the *Lance's* mailbox at the SAC office on the second floor of the University Centre during normal business hours. The *Lance* reserves the right to edit all letters for libel and space. All letters must be signed.

Shaw rams Shakespeare...

With the single exception of Homer, there is no eminent writer, not even Sir Walter Scott, whom I can despise so entirely as I despise Shakespeare when I measure my mind against his...It would positively be a relief to me to dig him up and throw stones at him.

Dramatic Opinions and Essays (1907), vol.II, p.52

who strikes back...

Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,

Cannot contain their urine.

The Merchant of Venice, IV.i.47

while Catullus urges them both to a reconciliatory tactic:

Da mi basia mille, deinde centum,

Dein mille altera, dein secunda centum,

Deinde usque altera mille, deinde centum.

Give me a thousand kisses, then a hundred, then another thousand, then a second hundred, then yet another thousand, then a hundred.

The Play's the Thing

Stratford: a neat, verdant little Ontario town hosting an annual Shakespearian festival. Artistic Director John Hirsch can be a veritable firestorm in maintaining the festival's high standards. After all, his is the foremost classical repertory theatre in North America, and it's currently in the midst of its 32nd season.

Playing, among others, are *Love's Labour's Lost* (closing Aug. 25), *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (closing Oct. 27), and *Waiting for Godot* (closing Aug. 25). Reviews of these three follow.

Loud in the night

Thank heavens Stratford's 1984 *Midsummer Night's Dream* isn't played like some peaches-and-cream tiptoe through night's twisting but titillating terrain.

The temptation is obvious. Shakespeare's exotic dream is more like a dance—dread in its affinities with the irrational dangers of love and the spirit world, and dear in its enchanting swirl of hair, honey, sweetmeats, apricots, and nosegays. Productions tend to wax lyrically with the former and, especially with the sure-thing spectacle of ass-headed Bottom, get sassy and bawdy with the plenty of the latter.

Director John Hirsch knows better. Though the fugitive lovers' dream must burn off in the approaching daylight, its illusion, sex, and farce dispersed in the face of Athenian noon-day sanity and the world's natural order, he steeps the moon centered action with a playfulness that gets decidedly strange.

We watch this production and get fascinating glimpses into why much of the dream's authenticity looms in its shadows, in Oberon's schemings and in something like Lysander's words near the end of the absurd Pyramus and Thisby put-on: "He is dead, he is nothing."

Still, I reckon one doesn't do the work justice by leaning too much to any one side. Thus, there are lighter the lovers' scenes which remain humorous, if unexceptional—their foolish mortals' nightwood tumbles proving less pleasing than Brian Bedford's jocular and hearty Bottom, and Edward Atienza's embraceably decrepit Starveling.

The mechanicals flop about with blunt and goofy energy, but none of the lovers are attractive in nearly the way we imagine they find each other. While their love is supposed to be turbulent in a frustrated fantastic way, it manages only entertainment. Mary Haney's Hermia is a feisty little twerp while the Helena she comes to threaten is, in Rosemary Dunsmore's hands, taller, blonde, and convincing with her frustrations, (the pursuing males keep themselves aptly in line).

On the other hand, more arousing it is to watch the night's darker underside get pretty stark and pretty intriguing with the Oberon/Titania dialectic.



Patricia Conolly and fairy

Nicholas Pennell and Patricia Conolly double up in the play's royal roles. As Hippolyta and Theseus they are fair-minded and solid with Conolly not much of a thrilling and vanquished Amazon and Pennell as just your plain dignified daylight ruler, as Oberon and Titania, fairy monarchs, things get deeper and dodgier.

There's a major difference between this last couple, for it seems Hirsch, with the necessity of reuniting them and resolving all dream-land reversals, has pushed the male and female principles to an explicit extreme. Conolly's Titania is rather weightless and unerotic—hers is a simple straightforwardness compared to Pennell's instinctively authoritarian eminence in the Oberon role.

So what if it threatens to get theatrically foreboding. Oberon's grotesque little lion/bear/wolf fairies claw up to him as if just plucked obedient and demon-like from the isle of Dr. Moreau. They wield their spears and rally their hissing male (not to forget, however, that all spirit creatures are sexless) primalness every time Titania's young attendants—trailing, as do most of the other night creatures, designer Desmond Heeley's naturalistic bits of leaf, hoarfrost, cobweb, and general forest-floor stuff—threaten with some opposite principle of vexation.

Likewise, Diego Matamoros's Puck is no filmy fairy. He's tall and skinny and uncute, running all over the place with a mane that wouldn't be out of place in post-punk circles. And never does Oberon's presence eclipse him even as Puck does a perfect job of screwing up the love juice administering.

So it closed as a night both stimulating and relaxing: a proper and standard set, and above average production made more exciting for its hints of the dark turns available beneath Diana's cold and "watery eye."

—Lorenzo Buji



Waiting (at Stratford)...Bedford (left) and Atienza

Wishful thinking

"I can't go on, I'll go on" is the title that Samuel Beckett, mortal deity and bard of bottomless boredom, gives to one collection of his works. This year's plaintive tug-of-war is a summary expression of Beckett's central concerns.

Waiting for Godot is not a play about suicide; rather it is a play about not-suicide. Despite his inspirational origins—despair, weariness, and the freight of mortality—Beckett does not write about suicide. Vladimir and Estragon, everyone's favourite pair of existential tramps, consider suicide momentarily but are impotent to the task.

Realizing the potential of half-cute tiredness is Edward Atienza in the role of haggard carrot-eating Estragon, the earthy little vagabond who'd rather be asleep most of the time. Brian Bedford as Vladimir less than embodies a philosophically drained and constipated down-and-outer. He might come closer to fulfilling the role if he had a real case of hemorrhoids and a hangover.

The centrality of the relationship between the two tramps is secured by Atienza's persistent whining to a half-hearted Bedford whose, albeit begrudged, dependency on his partner could have been more acutely presented.

The tramps are waiting for Godot. That's about all except for appearances of Pozzo, Lucky and, of course, the Boy (Adam Poynter), who brings news that once again Godot will not come today but surely tomorrow....

Lucky's (Paul Zimet) appearance on stage precedes his ridiculously long leash at the end of which is the massive Pozzo, played by an apt Andreas Katsulas. Though Zimet stirs pity, with his counterpart Pozzo more readily stimulates curiosity. Zimet is somewhat too Stoic to be convincingly wretched. Katsulas is bombastic, oppressively amiable and, with his full-blooded cries of "Up pig—" and "Move hog—," plays Pozzo as a sufficiently fascistic buffoon.

The production is festooned with facetiousness and quirk; director Leon Rubin has pulled off as coherent a *Waiting for Godot* as ever there should be.

—Sarah Atkinson

I think you should come back and try again next year

At a moment late in *Love's Labour's Lost* a polite messenger of Death enters quietly with words marking the beginning of the end for the overwrought and stylized adolescent love heat that's been running wild yet fragile in Navarre's holiday park.

Director Michael Langham's grasp of this inevitability falls to the right side of the play's manifest and studied end sadness. This production's amorous maneuverings are bookended by what is, in lieu of its first words, a court caught in a last swirl of irrepressible carousel, and in closing, the solitary fall of autumnal leaf.

Even if none of these are called for directly in Shakespeare's text, they are implicit. This is Langham's sixth production of the play, the second consecutive year he's done it at Stratford (taking it from the close environs of Third Stage last season to the wide-open spaces of this year's Festival mainstage), and he once brings it forth healthy and living from its wordy slow-going.

Thus, long before we get to the messenger's sobering intrusion we know such depths of bottomless realism are being delicately skirted by the young King's hopelessly unreal decision at the play's opening.

It's a call for him and his three friends, Longaville, Dumaine, and Berowne, to shut themselves off and forego wine, women, and general pleasures for a three year study period.

But of course—nothing could be more prone to comic undercutting than this, and when the Princess of France and her flirty but smart retinue of three, Maria, Katherine, and Rosaline, pop up on a diplomatic visit, it's obvious the King's "academe" won't ever get off the ground.

Plans disrupted

Performing Arts Windsor's second summer offering, *Extremities*, is most interesting for it displays a crime that obviously conceals an apparently impossible paradox.

The play centers around the question of rape and guest artists—both alumni of the University of Windsor—Arlene Mazerolle (as Marjorie) and Eric Keenleyside (as Raul, but mostly referred to as Animal) take the paradoxical nature of the problem to its rabid heights.

Raul viciously attacks Marjorie in her living room. Following various attempts to repel him, Marjorie succeeds in subduing him with the help of a can of Raid applied generously to his face. Soon enough she hog-ties him, puts on a choker and locks him in the fireplace.

Mazerolle breathes fire at a swift and understandably bent pace while burly Keenleyside counters near sympathetically with his maneuverings at the last outposts of male cunning.

Thus, playwright Mastrosimone has created a situation where original victim turns the offender into a fireplace prisoner now victim to the unforeseen outcome of his demented want drives.

Marjorie's vengeance, sometimes excessive, actually leads us to forget who the real villain in all this is. And you might say the play itself epitomizes melodrama of a disturbingly modern kind for the reversal of the crime at its centre elicits anger, pity, and laughter simultaneously.

Indeed, with the arrival of Marjorie's first roommate, Terry (Gwendolyn Pacey), the suggestion to bury Raul alive in the garden is agreed upon. But it's delivered in the heat of situational rage and civilized (?) society doesn't, we assume, ever demand that much retributive justice.

Enter the second roommate. Barbara von Radecki's self-contained Patricia, being a social worker by trade, tries to rationalize the situations.

Problems arise. How guilty the pathetic male? How guilty the scantily clad female holding him hostage? Terry and Patricia both question (on different grounds) the severity of the punishment.

There is apparently no rational solution in sight, so, in a production that follows a world where brute action invariably overrides words, follow the

Two plays for the price of two

The darker subtext of some contemporary sex comedies is, by theatre-goers who have donned a temporary wanton attitude to protect their fallow skin of sensibility, always somehow assumed but never thoughtfully realized.

Alan Ayckbourn's *Relatively Speaking* (at Wayne State's Studio Theatre through August 4) maximizes on dramatic irony, inspires smugness in the above-described type audience, and simultaneously bares their bottoms to that pinch of bothersome ambiguity that Ayckbourn has been trading on throughout his career.

Relatively Speaking is about a young man (Richard Klautsch) in earnest pursuit of—and with the mistaken impression of asking—permission to marry the preoccupied, high-strung Ginny, played by a half-hearted, one-speed Katie Sikorski.

Problems arise when the young man descends on a couple he has been led to believe are Ginny's parents. This formulaic mix-up, involving the older couple whose mistrust for one another knows indefinite bounds, leads to gymnastics of verbal interplay (more predictable than anything), and all parties end up dazed, glazed, or glaring.

James Harbour's deceptively doddery Philip, whose main Sunday occupation is searching (Freudianly?) for his garden hoe, and Dinah Lynch's frosty-cum-half-gone Sheila are both effectively given married life performances.

This is not a play sentimentalizing on human weaknesses, nor is it a rip-roaring farce; rather, it's a work offering a genuine dark sub-text (*That*



quick solution: sensing her friends' mistrust and feeling up against the wall, Marjorie extracts a confession with the help of a knife to Raul's genitals.

Little room to fool around. Mazerolle (left) and von Radecki

Ah yes, no rebelling against fate—especially when its as near as a steel blade pressing towards Animal's precious vulnerable appendages. Then with mothering and taming of Animal ensuing in admission of guilt, who's to say what's been solved.

Director William Pinnell knows an answer isn't forthcoming except in the privacy of our own minds. He oversees a production whose entertaining power demands we also attend to its sharply cast moral and ethical issues.

Extremities continues at Essex Hall Theatre through Sunday.
—Jack Sullens

darned thing again—Ed.) where it's least expected.

—S.A.

Even if you are not familiar with the myriad of Cole Porter tunes and enter Detroit's Hilberry Theatre as devoid of any early-to-mid-1900's musical knowledge/experience as this quasi-critic, you are bound to enjoy at least some of the production. *Cole* is a musical revue based on the words and...what else...muzak of the aforementioned.

No moonwalking or backspine routines are to be had on stage but dancing there is, in the form of jazz, tap and others...all choreographed by Nina Pullin, one of the eight cast members. And singing there is plenty of (if not a bit too much), with the men Lewan Alexander and Dennis North and the ladies, Sheri Nicols and Angela Yannon carrying most of the melodies along quite cleanly.

Alexander gives a lovely rendition of "You Don't Know Paree" (even if you say you know Paris), and there are some worthwhile pieces performed by the other male cast members. For the ladies' part, Nicols plays and sings her scene stealer very aptly with "I'm the Laziest Girl in Town."

All in all, the cast works quite well together and the production as a whole is tight. The quality of singing fluctuates (sometimes) between very good to mildly painful, but on the average I liked it—tapping and all. *Cole* plays until July 26th at the Hilberry Theatre on the Wayne State University Campus. Call (313) 577-2972 for more details.

—Kanan Patel

inexpensive piece of unexciting nobility, this production's crowning glories gleam whenever John Neville's aged romantic warrior, Don Adriano de Armado, takes to his sentiments and his slow and intractably precious walk.

Neville moves with the hovering suspended fragility that invests all of the play's action and atmosphere. It's as if his exaggeratedly fine feminine soft-stepping has been necessitated by an old backside sword wound or two, and its perfect. The walk adds creaky rhythm to the rich vacuity of his speech and goes brilliantly with a costume that puts before us the vision of a silver-dusted Quixotic old ghost.

On the subject of costumes. It must be said that John Pennoyer's dressing up of this production in 1900 style is both clean and animated—the ladies and gentlemen could be dancing in and out of something like late Renoir. Nothing loud, nothing garish except the Muscovites who bounce on as wondrously colourful clowns prone to any prickly gaffe the ladies' tongues hasten.

As far as the rest of the cast goes, Nicholas Pennell is an appropriately measured and mirthless pedant. Douglas Campbell's Costard is a red-faced loin-lubber in his own way as buoyant and (for my tastes) uninteresting as the lovers who descend to his level. Torquil Campbell, the young Moth who waits on Don Armado, is a 12-year-old with good mouth and good bearing. And Mary Haney's Jaquenetta is something like a happy-faced, runny-nosed lusty milkmaid who takes her gift of red ribbon and wraps it all hilariously wrong around herself.

All in all, a motley collection in a fair and engaging production.

—L.B.



John Neville and Maria Ricossa

The suitors' tongues twaddle high passions as they scramble like breathless silly children bearing their lovers' lights into the unforeseen blasts of women's mockery. Yet, except for Maria Ricossa's gracious and attractive Princess and Joseph Ziegler's self-certain but good-humour Berowne, all 8 of the "lovers" amount to little more than an elegantly choreographed but homogeneous mass of verbal sparrers at the high-echelons of wit.

Still there's much viewing and listening pleasure to be had. The women shoot arrows and embark on hart hunts, the boys spy on each other's love letter secrecies and all sweep widely about the stage with general charm and aplomb.

But while someone like Benedict Campbell's King is a decent but

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Writing made easy (cont'd)

this one. Try to fit the adjective where you feel it most appropriate. (The adjective is *artful*.)

Known by the sobriquet of 'The _____ Dodger.'

If you placed it right before *Dodger*, you're ready to proceed to lesson 3.

Once you've got the hang of stringing a bunch of words together into sentences and even paragraphs, you should decide where you want to go with you newly developed skill. You might prefer to write poems, plays or novels.

Poems are the easiest because there are no longer any rules. Long ago, everything had to be in rhyme, like this familiar sonnet:

*My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun,
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
...and so on...*

Nowadays, imagery is more important than rhyming, and all you have to do is make unlikely combinations of nouns and adjectives, verbs and adverbs, like "big, fluffy trucks," and "I have seen the eternal footman hold my hat and snicker." Remember, the less superficial coherence the better the poem.

OK. Now you've mastered sentences, poetry, and imagery. "What's left?" you say. But here is where we separate the Samuel Becketts from the Sidney Sheldons. It is the application of the nuances of language (that we've learned so far) to a clever, engaging plot that makes a great novel. Story is the essence of any great piece of fiction, and while it may take many hundreds of pages to draft a plot to its smallest detail, the finest stories can be reduced to one simple element. Consider: *Frankenstein* (Shelley): The potential horrors of

science are realized as a brilliant student, driven by the desire to control, creates the monster that destroys him.

The Shining (King): A guy goes nuts and chops up his whole family.

See? Once the plot is established, writing a novel is only a matter of embellishment. But coming up with a good story idea is not something that can be learned; it takes intuition, imagination, and a knack for capitalizing on those little oddities of life that we all encounter. Following is a list of plot summaries. Some have the potential to become great novels, plays, etc. See if you can pick them out:

A man tracks a mad explorer who is holed up in the heart of the Congo and there takes to his cannibalistic appetites.

A heroic soldier stumbles over the moors to meet three hags who tell him he will be king.

A guy goes kooky and chops up his whole family.

Two gentlemen need two wives and two houses in the country, so one changes his name to deceive a withered old bitch of a guardian who stands in the way.

Three girls sit on a porch discussing lost love and torn pantyhose.

This guy, like, walks into this bar, see, and he says, "I got this talking dog..."

A family carries on through a century of solitude, then, in the end, a whirlwind destroys their village.

Never get discouraged. Remember, several years ago some cynical Canadian writers set out to prove that any book could be a success if it contained enough sex. They each wrote a chapter of pornography before passing it on to the next writer and ended up with a bestseller (*Naked Came the Stranger*.)

Good luck and good writing.

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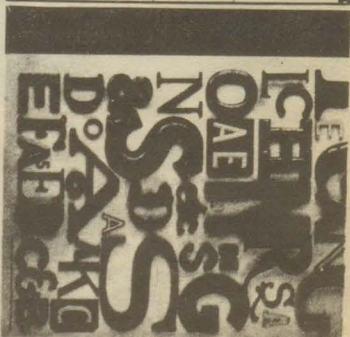
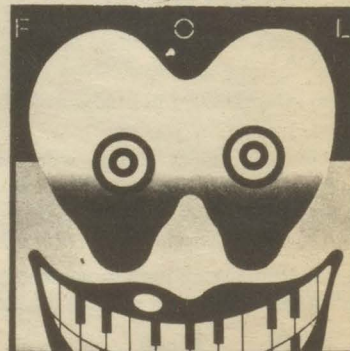
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GEORG TRAKL: A PROFILE

Edited by Frank Graziano
Logbridge-Rhodes (Durango, Colorado)
127 pp. \$6.95 paper

Raised in one of those grey Germanic homes where ordinary life shrouds psychic eccentricities and keeps dark but open the highways of inner collapse that lead out to the borders of insanity, the Austrian poet Georg Trakl went on to move through a life both bizarrely self-consuming and frightfully degenerate.

By using 'degenerate' I mean to touch on the idea of that sort of soul-tearing speech that any eternally unborn, undelivered romantic will pursue into its inevitable blackness.

And Trakl did steadily and with sinister prevision move into blackness. Blackness turned out to be a cocaine overdose at Grodek in the first year of World War One. It was early November and Trakl was 27 then. On a day about a month previous Trakl was serving as overburdened and undersupplied medic and, after being subject to cries of misery and pain, to pus, blood, spattered brain matter, and bodies hanging from trees, went under.

It was mental disturbance (dementia praecox) that the medical records went on to list, but that's too clinical and unpure an image to be left with.

It's his poetry we track for images of spirit truth. With his numerous mentions of "sister" the work lets us grope at the probably incestuous relationship he carried on with sibling Grete, and keeps us, with lines like "The stairs of madness in black rooms," "in dark mirrors/the ivory sorrow of our hands is arched," or

*Over our graves
The broken brow of the night inclines.
Under oak trees we sway in a silver boat.
(from "Decline")*

in the knowledge of something dense yet serene and post-mystic.

In his young life, Editor Frank Graziano tells us, "he walked directly into a pond until the cold water covered him over, his hat left floating on the surface." He also "reported to friends that he never saw people's faces and had no notion of their physiognomy, and that until the age of twenty he saw nothing in his environment except water." Then too, there was one physician who "noted that Trakl suffered from persecutory visual hallucinations, and that 'he often hears bells ringing.'"

Hard as this may be to believe, there's no doubt that a silver moon of doom hung over Trakl's life. It's not enough that he could look seriously evil when one scanned his eyes and that he spoke in low flat tones, but his life was so relentless a dissipation that when some of Wittgenstein's donated patrimony found its way in his direction "Trakl was so overcome with anxiety when he went to the bank that he ran from the building soaked in his own perspiration."

But as real as all these things once were, they now become little more than lurid biographical image fragments daunting us to Trakl's ghostly and elusive poetry.

It's a slim and difficult collection this Trakl canon. Entering it, writes Graziano, "is like entering a dark cathedral after a promised ascension has failed to occur. All of the angels have already been extinguished."

The poetry's central and yet unique to German Expressionism, and its lessons are implicit in contemporary American deep image work done by Robert Bly, James Wright—whose handful of translations here are of a consistently pleasing and, compared to some of the book's others, untangled nature—and W.S. Merwin.

In fact, Trakl's poetry is so "deep image" that its plunge of visionary hallucination would have us emerge on some other shore which, however



Young George Trakl

identical to the one departed in the *real* world, is a dead and haunted tracing of its original.

But, then, to use the word 'tracing' is most likely to mislead. Trakl doesn't so much trace as speak with a voice carrying fragility at those twilight limits out somewhere beyond recognizable humanity. Corruption, sickness, and decay glisten like unearthly perspiration in what is, in its original, a persistently alien mode of German (and Graziano's book, lacks, quite unfortunately, German accompaniments to the English translations).

His figures drift through dusky glooms of holy blue that contain chaos as silence does nothingness. While crystal angels and quiet gods hang about, the figures are sad, lost, and impossibly frail in their deaf distances.

Thus Trakl's is a great over-ripe romanticism reminiscent—though desperately more intense—



Milan Kundera

of work by German painters Caspar David Friedrich and Carl Gustav Carus. There are times when Friedrich's nature resembles a Trakl setting. "In Hellbrunn" is one poem confirming this. "Helian," his first published ranges wider. It displays the ruins of some golden time; here are "rotted boughs" and "leperous walls"; nights of "brown wine" and reddish peach glow give way to a nightfall when "the white water sinks in funeral jars."

Graziano's volume also includes some thick but useful prose poems (translated by Roderick Iverson) and letters of Trakl's translated and annotated by Siegfried Mandel. The scholar Michael Hamburger adds to the rest of the interpretations, but most of the poems still remain difficult and, in somewhat stretched English, slow and ungraceful.

But, at this point in Trakl's posthumous career, this is not saying much. Graziano's edition is the

BooksBooks

first such we've really had in 16 years (not much in the way of new translations has been done in that time). It could use some more polish and more attention yet at this point it most certainly stands.

—Lorenzo Buj

THE FAREWELL PARTY

by Milan Kundera
trans. by Peter Kussi
Penguin Books, 1984.
184 pp. \$6.95 paper

The America that so recently marveled at Umberto Eco's arcane *The Name of the Rose* should do well in taking to another overseas bundle of bounty: Milan Kundera, a Paris dwelling Czech who, having settled in the West after leaving his homeland in 1975, now writes both in his native tongue and in French.

His latest novel is *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*—one of those tender yet unpredictably canny works where Kundera draws us in with his masterful flair for reversal and his love for the day to day mists of metaphysics.

Even in translation he manifests energy in a neat juggle of farce and gamely, enticing philosophical verve. I say this by way of introduction to *The Farewell Party*, a book first published in 1976 and just now appearing in English in Penguin's Writers from the Other Europe series.

The action of the novel spans 5 days at a fertility spa for women. Klima, a renowned jazz trumpeter, has shown up to take care of Ruzena, the young nurse whose pregnancy he has been claimed responsible for. 'Taking care' here means an appeal for abortion, for Klima, however compulsive (and neurotic) he is at fooling around, loves his wife Kamila and dares not cross seriously her all-embracing and all-discerning jealousy.

Other more diverse strings tie the novel from within. There's the rich and popular American, Bartleff, who paints religious pictures and spouts a peculiarly healing morality at large (though he is not, even within the novel, beyond criticism). There's Dr. Skreta, a fanciful dreamer who works out his passion as a drummer by arranging an impromptu concert with Klima, and who would carry out Ruzena's abortion as easily as he builds up a self-originating sperm bank and pursues a private mission of artificial insemination. While his select patients remain in the dark about this, Bartleff and Jakub—a melancholy dissident and, one might say, an atheist who believes—don't.

So while Klima is sweating it out somewhere, Skreta, Bartleff, and Jakub haggle over the pros and cons of motherhood, religion, and humanity in general.

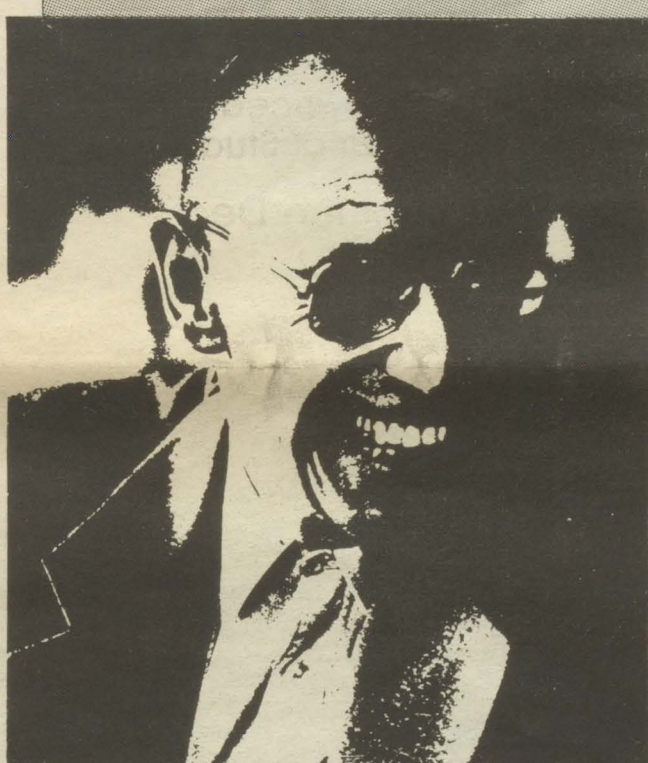
The discussion scenes are so very well handled ('Shavian' is the word one is tempted to indulge) that the interplay of intellects never bogs down in dry mouthings.

Kundera plays with such things as brilliantly as he does with the events of day 4 when, among other anxious goings-on, Ruzena and the beautiful Kamila unwittingly spend quite some time together in the company of a pleasure seeking three-man film crew.

More pressing and more fascinating is Jakub's problem whereby a suicide pill he has long carried with him falls absurdly and accidentally into 'arch-enemy' Ruzena's hands and leads, thanks to his procrastinations and Hamlet-like paralysis, to her death.

Thus we leave the fertility spa with a young woman's silly death. Black comedy and farce commingle subversively throughout the novel and Kundera handles so subtly and subversively both plot and psychology that even as the characters move toward their difficult fates we feel exquisitely and enlightenly seduced.

—Lorenzo Buj



Michel Foucault 1926-1984

Michel Foucault, French philosopher-anthropologist who gave us such modern-age blockbusters as *The History of Sexuality* (multi-volumed and unfinished), *Discipline and Punish*, *Madness and Civilization*, and promised what might have been *A Genealogy of Ethics*, died recently.

Foucault's fresh and radical theories about mind and civilization have greatly influence psychiatry and penology. His brilliance affected much of the thinking of contemporary French intellectuals and with his reflective machinations drawn from keen interpretation and extensive knowledge of cultural, political, and intellectual history we may have recourse to call his work "remarkable."

But, don't expect your local bookstore to be stocked with post-mortem mementos—take is as sad proof of society's part-de-cours negligence of great men who are, alas, mortal.

“What I want to ask is, are we able to have an ethics of pleasure where the pleasure of the other can be integrated in ours, without reference to law, to marriage, to anything?”

—a 1983 interview



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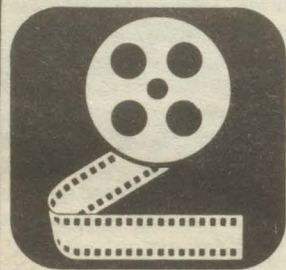
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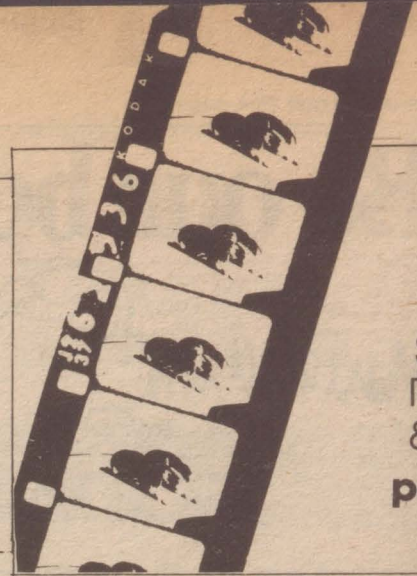
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the summer Lance

University of Windsor, Volume 1, Number 5, 1 August 1984

Official Student Newspaper of the 1984 Olympics



Sergio,
Renée,
& Clint
page 4

Faculty, University ratify contract *Solomon new Faculty Association head*

by John Slama

The University of Windsor's professors and librarians have a new three year contract that guarantees they will be the eighth best paid in the province.

The new contract, effective July 1, was ratified by the Faculty Association on July 17 and was approved by the University's Board of Governors the same day. The Faculty Association represents 517 professors and librarians.

The contract provides for a salary scale increase of five per cent in the first year (1984-85) which is consistent with the provincial government's restraint policy.

The base salaries range from \$21,433 for a lecturer to \$42,584 for a full professor.

Salary increases in the second and third years of the contract will be based on a three part formula. The first part is a cost of living increase based on the Consumer Price Index of the previous year minus one per cent.

Faculty members will also receive a *progress through the ranks* (PTR) adjustment of \$775 in 1985-86 and \$875 in 1986-87. Professors will receive the PTR adjustment after being reviewed by their department head or dean. Faculty Association President Dr. Norman Solomon says that the PTR is not automatic

and can be denied. He also says that the student evaluations will be among the criteria looked at when a professor is reviewed.

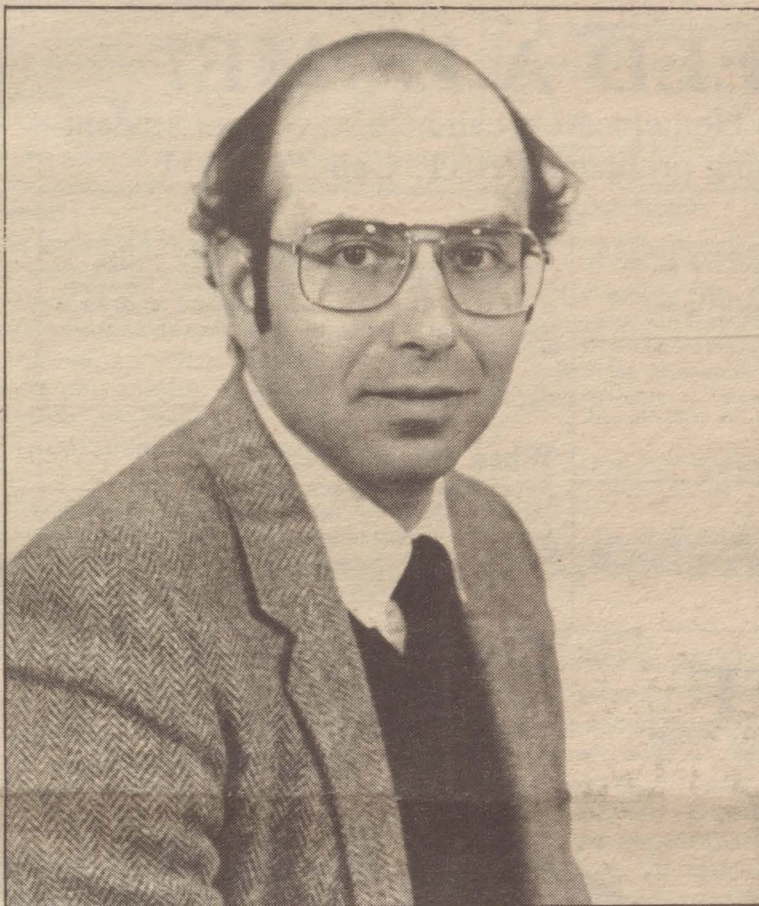
The third part of the formula is an equity adjustment which will bring the average salaries of U. of W. professors up to the median (8th position) for Ontario. Presently, the average salaries of Windsor's professors and assistant professors rank 12th, associate professors 13th, and lecturers 11th among Ontario's 15 universities.

"The key thing to keep in mind," says Solomon, "is that we've been way behind the rest of the province for many years."

The University's President-elect, Dr. Ronald Ianni, says the contract is an example of the recognition by the administration "of the contributions of this faculty over the last few years," and a sign that the administration is committed to having high quality professors at Windsor.

Improvements will be made in benefits as well. As of July 1, 1985, there will be improvements in the pension plan, life insurance coverage and long term disability benefits.

The new contract also provides for improvements to the pension plan, life insurance coverage, and long term disability benefits. Adjustments will also be made over the three years to meal, travel time, car, and relocation allowances. □



Dr. Norman Solomon, new President of the University of Windsor's Faculty Association

Dr. Norman Solomon succeeded Dr. Donald Wallen as president of the University Faculty Association on July 1.

A professor in the Faculty of Business Administration, Dr. Solomon's area of expertise is industrial and labour relations. Among the topics he has researched are unions and collective bargaining, organizational behavior, personnel administration and manpower resources.

Dr. Solomon's skills were put to use in the negotiations that led to the new three-year contract between the University and the Association. With that behind him, Dr. Solomon can look forward to the day-to-day duties of his new position, such as chairing meetings and dealing with any problems that may arise between the University and the Association.

Dr. Solomon earned his B.S. and M.S. degrees at Cornell University in 1973 and 1974 respectively, and was awarded his Ph.D. by the University of Wisconsin in 1980. He also attended the University of Montreal in 1980 and 81 to learn French.

West Library project approved

The proposed plan to renovate the West Library's air conditioning system has been approved and work should be underway soon.

An executive committee acting for the Board of Governors approved the project and awarded the construction contract to Vollmer and Associates Ltd. in the amount of \$488,000. An additional \$115,000 will be paid to an equipment supplier.

Administrative secretary C. W. Morgan says construction should begin by mid-August at the latest, once the equipment is delivered. Mr. Morgan also says there is no definite date for completion of the project, but it is expected that the materials from the West Library will be moved back during the Christmas break. All materials from the West Library will be kept in the Main Library, where study space will be practically eliminated, until the renovations are complete.



The Leddy Library West has been cleared of all materials for reconstruction of the air conditioning system

Lance editor-elect gets real job

by Glenn Warner

Lance Editor Peter Freele will be stepping down at the end of August due to an unexpected career opportunity.

Freele recently accepted a full-time production management position outside the university and, therefore, cannot maintain his status at the student newspaper.

"I may not be editor of *The Lance*, but I'll still be a member of *The Lance*," stated Freele, stressing his desire to continue working with the newspaper.

Freele started at *The Lance* in 1982 when he accepted the position of Sports Editor. The following year he became Editor Kevin Rollason's second-in-command as Managing Editor. He was then elected Editor-

in-Chief by *Lance* members in spring 1984.

As a result of Freele's career decision another election will be held in August. Nominations for *Lance* Editor will be accepted until 5 p.m., August 17th with voting slated for the 27th and 28th. The new Editor will then be announced and will take over on August 29th. Editor Freele will retain responsibility for *The Lance* until that time.

New SAC logo



by John Slama

The Students' Administrative Council is in the process of changing its logo to one that reflects an "active and accessible" image of the organization.

SAC vice-president John Carlos Tsilfidis says the change is being made because the old logo, supposedly representing half the tower of Dillon Hall, did not look very good. The image of an organization,

he says, is derived from its physical appearance; the only tangible thing that people can associate with SAC is the logo.

Tsilfidis says letterhead paper and envelopes with the old logo will be used until they run out, probably at the end of the summer session. New letterhead paper and envelopes will be ordered as needed so there is no extra cost in the change. The new logo was designed by Student Media Services graphic artist Amilcar Carreira. □

Be our boss.



Nominations for the position of Editor of *The Lance* will be accepted until 5 p.m., Friday, August 17, 1984.

The election for this position will be held August 27 and 28.

Nominations will be accepted at *The Lance*, second floor, University Centre

Lance Voting List for Editor election (Aug. 27th & 28)

Kevin Rollason
Peter Freele
Phil Rourke
Lorenzo Buj
John Slama
John May
Glenn Warner
Chris McNamara
Peter Deck
Karen Rollason
Tony Couture
John Liddle
D. A. MacIsaac
Sarah Atkinson

Jim Cain
Craig Colby
Martin Deck
David Fine
Dave Gagner
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Sharon Pyke
Brad Lombardo
Desmond McGrath
Sal Ala
Roberta Mock
Sukanya Pillay
Stephanie Signorile

Jack Sullens
Tracey Thomas
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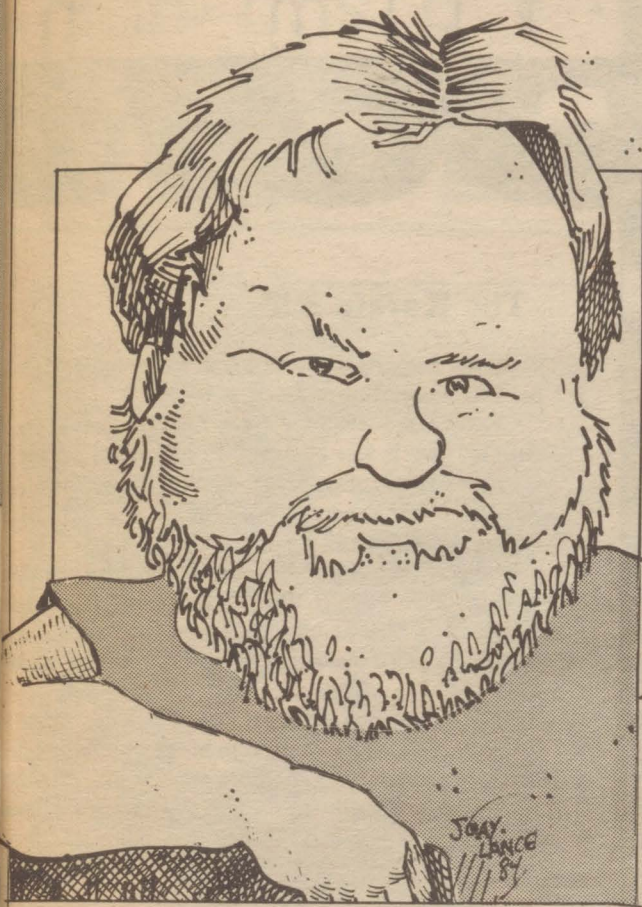
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While I am leaving my position as Editor of the *Lance* with a great deal of regret, I have no illusions that my leaving will hurt the paper. The *Lance* has too many people with too much talent to be hurt by one person's departure.

Over the past two years that I've been involved with the paper we've been on a constant upswing in terms of quality of writing, layout, graphics, and organization. During this period the *Lance* has been ranked as one of the best student newspapers in Ontario. With the current staff of sub-editors in place for the 84/85 school year we have the potential to be number one. This makes it even harder to leave.

I quit.

Another reason is that the upcoming school year is shaping up to be one of the most crucial in recent years.

The SAC deficit from last year is still with us, and threatens to grow to record levels. This after the student body was told last year's cutbacks had erased the problems.

The current administration, which was elected with the slightest of majorities after a bitter, mud-slinging contest, must convince students and student organizations of the veracity of their figures and the wisdom of their budget plans. The price of failure could be a bankrupt student council and the University managing student government's financial affairs.

In light of the deficits there will be renewed debate about the wisdom of hiring another concert programmer and re-entering the risky business of promoting concerts.

In short, this upcoming year will see a critical re-thinking of the role of student government and the services it can, and should, provide.

Both the *Lance* and CJAM will be at the centre of the issues and there is a critical need for them to report accurately and analyze incisively, to probe issues and provide perspective, to give students and student organizations a forum to debate the issues.

It will be a year that will test the mettle of student government, student media, and student organizations. It will be a year when students will have to be aware of the issues, to question their representatives, to be skeptical of easy answers and quick solutions. Students must read the *Lance* and listen to CJAM. They must write letters and call phone-in shows. They must show they are following the issues and are intensely interested. We can no longer afford the apathetic acceptance of the status quo.

Peter Freele

Who's been sleeping in his brain?

Some day soon (so Orwell may have been off by a year or two), you and I could be automatons in the Windsor Branch Plant of a larger corporation called the University of Ontario. The corporation will be managed directly by the Ontario Ministry of Colleges and Universities. Like any other business run by an arm of the Progressive Conservative government, who are very big on business (Yes, education is just another business. Sorry.), the corporation will be rigidly and pennypinchingly controlled. In the drive for "efficiency," the Ministry may "facilitate differentiations of function" between the various branch-plants and "develop a coherent and effective plan to rationalize deployment of available resources."

The above scenario is derived, without too much imagination on my part, from statements made in a speech by Edmund C. Bovey, the chairman of the Commission on the Future Development of the Universities of Ontario. The statements are of course taken out of context. They are taken from amid assurances that the Commission is not acting under any government pressures or directives, is not intended to complete a cost-reduction exercise, has no preconceived plans, and only has everyone's best interests at heart.

One has to wonder, though, why Bette Stephenson, the Minister responsible, appointed a retired businessman like Bovey to head this commission. Bovey suggests it may have been because "a business person would bring a different perspective to the task."

Bovey made his perspective quite clear: "The University as an entity," he said, "is no different than business or industry."

In line with this perspective are his statements that "monies have to be allocated with a view to a tangible return on the investment," and that there is a "need for a much closer liaison between universities and the private sector..."

That last statement is a significant one. Bovey brings up several times the point that business and industry have a vested interest in our universities. It gives us an idea of who's interests really have priority.

Universities serve industry in two ways; by supplying manpower and research. The supply of graduates is inefficient because of "over-production" or "under-production" in certain professions. Bovey poses the question: "Is there a way that we can somehow regulate the supply of people going into various professions?"

Research is one of the few areas where Bovey actually brings up funding, but it's not the low level of government funding that he's concerned about. What he suggests is that we may separate funding for instruction from funding for research, and we all know which of those is more important.

Near the end of his speech, Bovey acknowledged that there are "a few—very few—critics of our Commission who have questioned our credentials and sincerity."

Well, there are the provincial New Democrats (Richard Allen, Colleges and Universities critic, recently criticised Bovey in an open letter. In June he presented Bette Stephenson with a plaque rating her number ten among ministers responsible for provincial university systems, for keeping her system "so consistently in the national basement of university finance."), the Ontario Federation of Students (who believe that the Commission is merely a continuation of the Ontario government's policy of under-funding and rationalization), the Ontario Confederation of University Faculty Associations (readying a media blitz to inform the public of the consequences of the Bovey Commission and its possible recommendations) and at least 3000 Windsor students who petitioned Stephenson's office.

I guess that adds up to a few.

the summer Lance

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Letters

Apostle Andy speaks

Dear Editor:

First of all, thanks for your (surprisingly kind) review of our second EP (back in the Feb. 2 *Lance*) after Dave sent it to you I thought that would be the last we'd ever hear from you, basically because the chief impression Dave and myself had (so far) attained from the U.S.A. (U.S.A.?—Ed.) is that everyone who is into 'Punk' is into hardcore, brainless, 90 mph thrashorama so I really didn't believe our EP would stand much of a chance. However, you have proved us both wrong. Thank you for doing so!

You may reprint any or all of the first and second EPs *Scum 6* or any other part of our letters and literature although we would be grateful if you would mention that the views that are expressed by any one individual writer are not necessarily those of the other members of the band. (Dave, for instance, is very pro-gay, whereas I am most certainly not although most of the time I'm not really interested in politics anyway). We would also appreciate it if you decide to use anything from *Scum 6* or the first EP you could mention that those views are not necessarily ours now as they were then, for as stated on the second EP cover, both of us have changed our attitudes/views/outlook a little since those pieces were written. I am pleased you like my article on left wing support of foreign nationalism, although of course that has led many people to believe that I am a national socialist, but this isn't accurate because I am basically non-political. I don't support the I.R.A. and I don't like communism, and I certainly don't hold with all this permissiveness and homosexuality lark, but then Dave and Chris are always criticising me for those views anyway, despite my arguments to the contrary. But who's interested in that?

Franz Kafka and Jean Paul Sartre are two authors I have respect for although I have never been much of a reader. Your article of Franz Kafka should, I hope, interest a few more people who may not previously have heard of him or been bothered to find out more about his work. Dave, who is a little more of an avid reader than myself, has great respect for the aforementioned authors as well as other people whom I've never heard of.

There's no hurry for money, as you're basically giving us free publicity I think you're doing us a favour really, so only send some money for the records if you actually want to. I don't think we'll go bankrupt over a couple of records, do you?

Unity and peace,
Andy Martin,
The Apostles,
London, England

A letter to the Editor should be limited to 500 words or less. They may be submitted to the *Lance* office directly or dropped off at the *Lance*'s mailbox at the SAC office on the second floor of the University Centre during normal business hours. The *Lance* reserves the right to edit all letters for libel and space. All letters must be signed.



Director of *Once Upon a Time in America*, Sergio Leone: Thirteen years of work reduced to 143 minutes.

reviews

Film distributors are rather wary this summer because movie-goers may get sofa cramps for the next two weeks instead of patronizing the theatres. Virtually no movies have been slated to start against the Olympics; in fact some have been delayed. *Purple Rain* and *The Corsican Brothers*, however, were released the day before opening ceremonies as kiddie alternatives to watching the Carl Lewis Show at home. Their distributors hope teenagers will want to get away from the TV set and, therefore, create a good market. Industry figures suggest the Montreal Olympics took away about 15% of possible ticket sales. But this time the Olympics are in the U.S., and to exacerbate the matter, in the movie capital of the world. Damages could be much worse than in '76.

Anyway, in and around the Windsor area a few movies may be worth a peek if you can get away from the telly:

The Last Starfighter

The Last Starfighter offers a different perspective for a space fiction in that it is literally down to Earth in a far out sort of way. Much of the action takes place here, not just in the twilight expanses of spacefrost, but in and around our homes. Everyday small town hicks interact with everyday aliens hoping to save their alliance of planets. Humans are just as alien to them as they are to us. As just a microcosm of a greater galaxy, man must help his astral neighbours contest the inter-galactic nasties...or die (*Music up*)

Lance Guest plays the homo sapien next door. As Earth's

token representative to the stellar alliance, he learns that aliens are human too, which of course, in a broader understanding by the not-so-dumb audience, means that humans are aliens too.

In this light, *Starfighter* mixes *Star Wars*, *E.T.* and *Close Encounters* into a contemporary high-tech, video teen grabsack. Yet it does not try to outshine them. No, it's not as good, but these filmmakers know that *Starfighter* is a fantasy cosmo-fest that won't blow, but can carry you away, for a couple of hours.

The NeverEnding Story

German director Wolfgang Petersen has traded in his U-boat for a Luck Dragon in this children's fantasy set in the bristling recesses of a boy's imagination. If some of this looks like *E.T.*, well, the intent is there, but only in spirit.

In order to save his ailing empress, a warrior boy must get beyond the boundaries of his homeland Fantasia. But in his perilous travels he discovers that no such borders exist, for Fantasia swells within the human mind, and the imagination is infinite.

Alas, a pestilence called The Nothing sweeps over Fantasia, causing, well, nothing—a vast emptiness bereft of thought.

No hidden meaning here. *Story* re-establishes the values of reading and thinking. Kids will be enchanted (I was) and adults will be charmed. This is a family movie. The weird beastures terrify only in the way that the Tin Man and the Cowardly Lion terrified you as a child. There are no cheap shots to the male groin that seem to be so vogue in pictures nowadays, and the nastiest words uttered are "Didja punch 'em in the nose?"

Petersen (*Das Boot*) is currently preparing for September shooting of *Enemy Mine*, starring Dennis Quaid and Louis Gossett, Jr.

The Karate Kid

Enter stage right a little guy in a new town. He's got a hard time adjusting to the new life.

Enter stage left the big guy bullies. They'll try to make sure his stay is less pleasant. Boo. They'll get the

Enter Pat Morita, stage centre, pathetic as a pathetic American war veteran whose family was unjustly killed during the war.

So you know the ending before you buy your ticket. It is cornball. So what? This is the sort of story that has been rehashed with equal success time and again. The credibility gap if one simple rule is maintained: make the bad guys pay.

The Karate Kid is pure tried and tested formula versus bullies who kick sand in his face; pundit will tell you like to see bullies kick sand in anybody's face; pathos like Charles Atlas comic ad revenge ("Hero of the Battle of the Bad Guys"). If the bad guys pay, so will the audience.

Other films that will soon be pulling in after the scare are *The Philadelphia Experiment* and *The Jaws* on August 3rd, and for the rest of the month as follows:

The Woman in Red (Gilda Radner/Gene Wilder), *Lap* (Aussie horse movie), *Supergirl* (you got it!), *Clash of Daggers* (Henry Thomas of *E.T.* fame), *Stick* (Burt Reynolds and car), *Tightrope* (Clint Eastwood and gun), *Raiders of the Lost Ark* (Soviets invade the U.S.), *Revenge of the Nerds* (versus brawn), *Bolero* (Bo Derek undoubtedly naked), and *Sheena, Queen of the Jungle* (a blonde Tanya Tucker).

Then distributors will start to worry about the new lineup. And then comes *Dune*, on December 14th.

Alternative and Repertory

Windsor Film Theatre

At one time in the late 60's, Dutch author Campert stated, "The Dutch feature film situation is a monk's self-immolation. It is noble, it is terrible, and it leaves nothing behind."

But at some time during the mid-seventies, produced by the father of the Dutch New Wave, Rob Houwer, that their countrymen liked to hear their own language on screen.

Paul Verhoeven's *Spetters*, starring my favourite actress Renée Soutendijk, rides on the peak of an international ephemeral, blossom of the New Dutch Cinema. *Spetters* passed movies like *Apocalypse Now*, *Kramer vs. Kramer* and *Being There* on its way to the top of the box office competition. Dutch films, which only made up three per cent of the movies in the Netherlands, suddenly capturing up to 18% of the audience.

rushes

Lament not yet the Palace Theatre, for the interests are trying to get their hooks into it. This is too valuable to leave idle for too long, but trying to get up-front money could be a problem. Thanks, Yoda, for what you tried to bring to this city. It was a good try.

Sergio Leone has disowned the 143 minute American release of *Once Upon A Time in America* (the 170 minute version (which premiered at Cannes), which was shown at the New York Film Festival (Sept. 28-Oct. 1).

Former Minister of Communication Frank den Bieman implemented the May 29th Film and Video Law, which gave the Minister of International Trade in Pre-1990 Turner's streamlined cabinet. Ed Lumley now oversees communication as part of his industrial and cultural mandates.

One of Fox's last announcements as Minister of Communication was the possibility of a \$36 million film studio centre in Montreal. The government is prepared to front \$22 million of that if \$14 million comes from the private sector. A movement had been made.

Windsor by Glenn Warner



Soutendijk: a rise in Dutch attendance.

In 1983, Verhoeven's *The Fourth Man* (again starring Soutendijk and produced by Houwer) won the International Critics Award at the Festival of Festivals in Toronto. Undoubtedly, Verhoeven and the New Dutch Cinema makes Holland the new country to follow in terms of national cinema. You can start by attending *Spetters* at the WFT on Erie and Marentette, August 1st, 2nd and 3rd at 8:00 p.m.

Also be sure to watch for Robert Bresson's *L'Argent* and Robert Ménard's *Une Journée en Taxi*, later in August. The French and Quebec cinemas may be in a slump, but, as these films prove, are far from dead.

The Art Gallery of Windsor

Don't forget the summer film series every Wednesday at the Art Gallery. Admission is a buck and shows start at 8:00 p.m. Coming up through August: Frank Capra's *Arsenic and Old Lace*, starring Cary Grant (Aug. 1); *Why Shoot the Teacher* (Aug. 8); the original *Postman Always Rings Twice* (Aug. 15); *Two For the Road* (Aug. 22); and *Outrageous* (Aug. 29).

festivals

World Film Festival—Montreal (Aug. 16-27, 1984)

Among the official competitors are the Italian *Mi Manda Picone*, the French *La Femme Publique* and *Tchao Pantin*, and the Hungarian *Oh, Bloody Life*.

The recent surge in the New Hungarian Cinema (perhaps the film world's most interesting nation to watch at the moment) is highlighted in Montreal with two other additions—Peter Bacso's *The Diary*, and Janos Xantus' *Eskimo Woman Feels Cold*.

Apart from the official competition, the fest will include a look at recent Australian cinema with 12 features from unfamiliar-to-North America directors. (No Weirs, Millers, Armstrongs, or Beresfords.) Perhaps one of the directors of *Settlement*, *Strikebound*, *Goodbye Paradise*, *Man of Flowers*, *East Talking*, *Moving Out*, *Stanley*, *Razorback*, *Silver City*, or *One Night Stand* will be equally renowned a month

from now.

The fest will also feature a different gala premiere every night, including world premieres for *Tightrope* starring Clint Eastwood, written and directed by Richard Tuggle; and *Until September*, starring Karen Allen and directed by Richard Marquand (*Return of the Jedi*, *Eye of the Needle*). Making its North American premiere will be *Comfort and Joy*, written and directed by Scottish director Bill Forsyth (*That Sinking Feeling*, *Gregory's Girl*, *Local Hero*). The sequel to *Les Plouffes*, Deny Arcand's *Le Crime d'Ovide Plouffe*, will premiere on closing night.

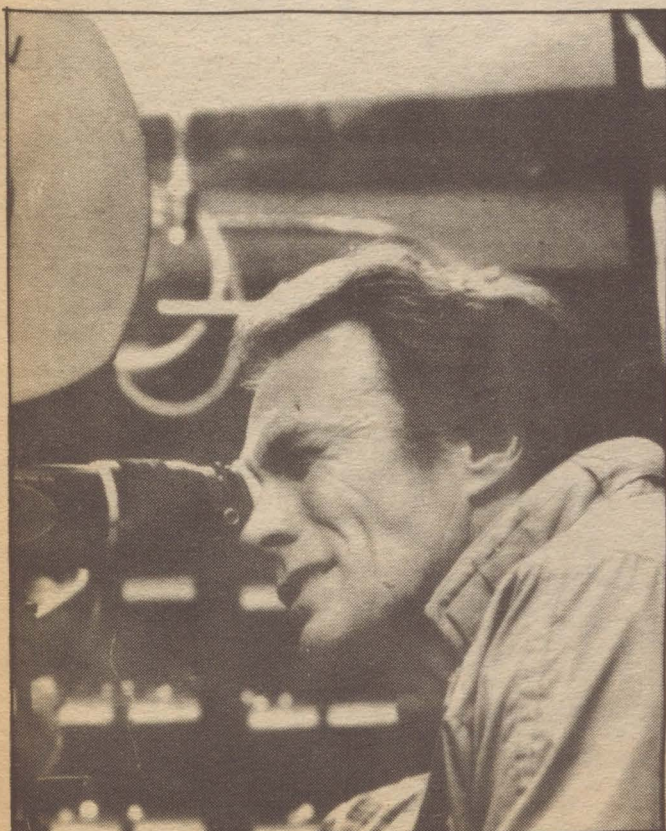
Festival of Festivals—Toronto (Sept. 6-15, 1984)

This year's special feature is called "Northern Lights"—a retrospective of Canadian history highlighting more than 200 Canadian films, from Quebec porn and avant-garde to the Ten Best, chosen by critics, instructors, industry figures and the like.

The usual unusual fare will include 45 of the latest films from around the world; the star-studded gala Premieres each night of the festival and a special tribute by Roger Ebert and Gene Siskel.



Forsyth's *Comfort and Joy*: Families feuding over ice cream and Clare Grogan too.



Burt and Clint: team-up of the decade (except for Ingmar and Sven).

started by private groups to raise their share.

Such a world-class, technically updated studio is needed in Montreal to attract much of the production business it has 'lost to Toronto.

Showline Studio has recently opened in Toronto to compete with Magder and Toronto International studios under the auspices of a Toronto production boom.

Director Martin Scorsese has started shooting his new comedy film, *After Hours*, in New York. It stars Terri Garr, Rosanna Arquette, Catherine O'Hara, and yes, your favourites, Cheech and Chong. Sorry, no Rob De Niro.

Rumour has it *The Black Veil* is nearing completion. Its first year anniversary party is on August 31st. Upon hearing the news, one unbeliever cried, "You're sicck. We're gonna take you home."

Canadian Odeon Theatres Ltd. (Odeon and Glade Place in Windsor) had been swallowed up by Cineplex Corp., announced Garth Drabinsky, president of Cineplex (and sometimes film producer). Cineplex now becomes the second largest exhibitor in Canada with more screens, but fewer seats, than Famous Players (the Capitol, Vanity, and Devonshire in Windsor).

Dino De Laurentis has re-opened his Rome Dino Citta studio after twelve years. He has again contracted Canadian

director David Cronenberg (*The Dead Zone*) to work for him there on the feature *Total Recall*.

Cronenberg has recently tried his hand at acting in John Landis' *Into the Night*, starring Jeff Goldblum (*The Big Chill*), and Dan Aykroyd (you know).

Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds have teamed up for the first time in *City Heat*, a 1930's mystery set in Kansas City. Under the direction of Richard Benjamin (*Racing With the Moon*), Reynolds, a private dick, and Eastwood, a cop, play opposite Jane Alexander (*Testament*) and Madeline Kahn (*Oh Madeline!*—TV series).

Director Robert Altman (*Streamers*) has yet another film, *Secret Honor*, ready for distribution by Sandcastle 5.

Variety boxoffice reports *Indiana Jones* is the big summer winner so far, grossing \$141 million. Canadian Ivan Reitman's *Ghostbusters* follows with \$115 million. *Gremlins*' \$95 million is third.

Last week's reported box office figures are:	
<i>Ghostbusters</i> (Columbia)	\$10,021,932
<i>Gremlins</i> (Warner Bros.)	6,171,855
<i>The Last Starfighter</i> (Universal)	6,011,695
<i>The Karate Kid</i> (Columbia)	4,763,399
<i>The Muppets Take Manhattan</i> (Tri-Star)	4,416,022

It looks like *Ghostbusters* will soon catch and outrun *Indiana Jones*, which has been in release 16 days longer.

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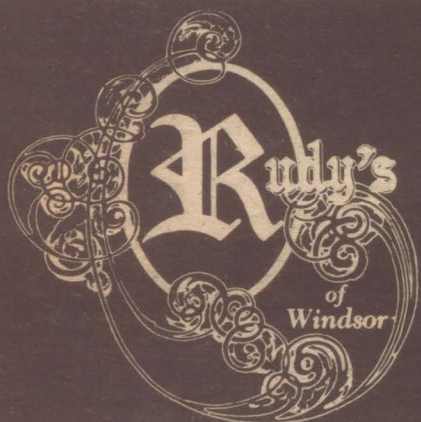
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Tartuffe, Henry, now at Stratford

"It's no sin to sin in confidence" says Tartuffe as he paws after Orgon's wife Elmire.

It's the kind of line laughter will helplessly rally around and it's the kind Tartuffe delivers while wearing parson's black and his hands labour libidinally in the shadow of the cross that hangs so prominently from his neck.

It is—in the exquisite rhyming Richard Wilbur translation Director John Hirsch is working with—one line among many that led the French court to ban Moliere's play after its first performance in 1664.

But Brian Bedford's Tartuffe resembles not so much a monster as he does a devious and treacherous imp. He smiles wide and rascally after Damis' (played by Shaun Austin-Olsen who displays no less heat as Tybalt in this year's *Romeo and Juliet*) exposition of his advances on Elmire fails in the face of Orgon's (Douglas Campbell) bellowing, fatuous faith in his piety. It's a smile that brings down the house and, flashed again as the law carts him off at the end, leaves us with the impression that the course of his villainy has been a kid's mischievous game of vice.

The game has certainly bewitched Campbell's Orgon who, true to the teeth as a bourgeois seduced by the surfaces of "virtue", bears his temper and his portly naivete as consistently as any preachy patriarchal patsy.

Were it not for Nicholas Pennell's clean cut, straight-arrow Cleante talking sense and holding him back, the old man might take an additional awkward swing or two and leave the stage squeaking higher and blowing hilariously harder than Campbell already has him.

It's no surprise that Moliere knew better than to push his comic libel of piety too far and didn't loose Tartuffe on stage any more than was necessary: while Orgon walks around the house like his private press-agent and the rest of the family cries out against him in antiphonal array, Tartuffe's presence overhangs all.

He's one in a long line of Moliere's obsessive bad guys and it's as if the energy that informs his deceit can win him everything from Orgon's house to Elmire's body.

The cast is constantly gesturing upward to the black entrance of the eyre from which Bedford, thin-ankled and big-booted, will descend to do his work. Much of it, of course, has to do with cuckolding Orgon. But here's an interesting thing: Bedford takes the hypocrite's psychological raw materials and shows us something unexpected. He practically convinced me in the first seduction scene where the parasitic lechery of his love-making almost passes for honesty.

But it's nothing of the sort with Elmire. Domini Blythe's performance shows us a woman not the least shocked or confused as Tartuffe advances and begins unlacing her. Her's is a composed, uncorrupt worldliness that has her first rebuffing Tartuffe's attempt at a kiss with a cough in his face and later—with the trace of his hands still warm under her skirt—coolly mocking her husband with a "What, so soon?" as he emerges from under the table.

Then there's Pat Galloway's Dorine, the spritely but no-

nonsense maid who ranges wide in tidying up the household's secret life; and Amelia Hall as Orgon's little battleship of a mother who becomes the last to learn of Tartuffe's evil; and also Tanya Moiseiwitsch's rich and openly warm handling of Orgon's home—a set we feel we may live in.

Henry IV, Part One is a well-known misnomer for the dregs-to-glory story of that King's dissolute son, a story which starts in among tavern waghalters and ends two plays later on the Agincourt battlefield. Part weighty history and part farce, the play has only the person of Hal/Prince Henry to impart a sense of overall unity, and so it is rather unfortunate that David Ferry, playing the role in this year's Young Company production at Stratford, is somewhat thin on presence, being too much overshadowed by the performances around him. Nobody could steal a scene from Falstaff and Hal doesn't get much help from the text, but it's hard to visualize Ferry dominating any play, competent though he is. Playing a character who plays the roles of reveller, soldier, and son, Ferry himself seems too often like one playing a part and not enough like the man himself.

Ferry also has to contend with the fact that those around him are strong personalities played by experienced actors used to sharing a stage with men of greater stature. John Franklyn-Robbins plays a forceful Henry, with a monarch's impatience added to the wilfulness of young Bolingbroke. Franklyn-Robbins makes Henry a king worth naming a Shakespeare play after and is himself an actor worth going out of your way for—this is his only role at Stratford this season. Joseph Ziegler is a suitably single-minded Hotspur, frequently drawing laughs by his obsession with honour, revealing Hotspur to be more ignorant than noble. In the right hands, the Earl of Worcester is one of the most intriguing characters here, betrayed by Henry's ingratitude, finally finding himself cornered, forced to play out a futile rebellion while his support fades. Nicholas Pennell is convincing enough to make you believe that Worcester is unjustly wronged rather than unduly ambitious, turning him into a sympathetic figure.

And then there is good John Falstaff, the character who most often gets audience sympathy, though he may least deserve it. Douglas Campbell's is a slightly subdued Falstaff, not the stereotypical roly-poly funster he is usually perceived as. Campbell handles the joviality with bags of ease and ebullience, but is sure to remind us, when the text allows it, that, like Hal, he feels no loyalty to his drinking buddies, cruelly humiliating Bardolph in his ugliness and putting genuine malice into his mocks of Mistress Quickly.

The costumes for this are of a high enough standard to match the finer acting. They are lusciously done, Hotspur getting red to suit his humour, Falstaff packs plenty of paunch, but the most impressive is the regal, Druidic robes of Owen Glendower.

by Desmond McGrath

Here comes the pain again

Mark Rosovsky's adaptation of Leo Tolstoy's story "Strider" is the final production in the Attic Theatre's '83-'84 season (it runs through Aug. 25).

The cast has gone after this one with full mobilization of imaginative resources. Does it work? If you're seeking a musical strong yet modest in its unorthodoxy, the answer is affirmative.

We see the world through Strider's own eye's. Joey Golden is the pie-bald horse who, despite his common appearance, is blessed with great spirit and championship blood. Unfortunately, he's a romantic, and when caught in the process of a

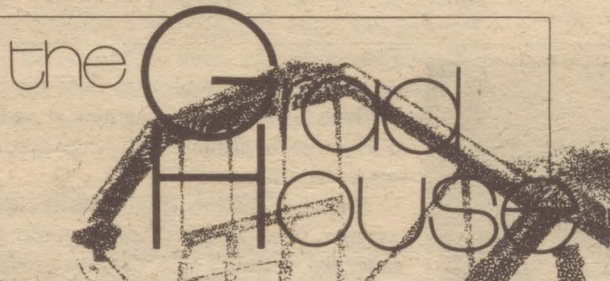
developing romance ends up paying dearly: he is gelded (castrated).

Tolstoy's parable of man as animal dilates the injustices of the social contract. The dilation occurs in Strider's consciousness. Health and sickness, work and recreation, ethics and friendship, hatred and passion, all these pile up: not merely as intellectual issues, but as hardcore emotional manifestations of a life lived in a world where nihilism and acquiescence form society's going "truth."

Castration is one such ugly truth. But it makes Golden worth heading as the horse. He's strong and sensitive and

almost always manages both these without exaggeration. We see his Strider continually reaffirming the pantheism that no twilight of alienation or pain of dismemberment can fully defeat.

Daniel Yurgaitis is the director of this production. His vision of old Russia is mature and useful—even if it doesn't come quite close to being exact. Still, marrying music and dance to Tolstoy's symbolism and Tolstoy's social picture, he makes it possible for us to see how a revolution awaited just beyond the horizon. The Attic's at 525 E. Lafayette, Detroit.
by Jack Sullens



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Metal Mashina Mad



Venom

You can almost thank the Sex Pistols for this underground vein of Heavy Metal that's roaring up a storm.

The Pistols and assorted groups of that kind took the inflated excesses of mid-70s rock and trimmed them with a harsh and jagged aesthetic that old timers like Judas Priest are just now catching up on.

In fact, this new school of HM—be it Anthrax, Venom, Metallica, or Exciter—owes as much to the latter-day punk of Discharge, G.B.H., and Anti-Nowhere League, as it does to Priest or Motorhead.

There's this unmistakable emphasis on speed, for example; on the gleam of studs on

leather; on the power of "anger" (Twisted Sister sings "We Ain't Gonna Take It Anymore" and Priest's last album is entitled *Defenders of the Faith*).

So with punk in hibernation and having inherited nearly everything but the mohawks, the head-bang ethos is brainwashing a new generation of teens. It's inbred conservative rituals are paying off big as hordes of Western youth pack together, fists in the air, and display a wholesale, communal aversion to thinking of any kind.

While the lyrics are monotonous with their emphasis on blood, death, power, and gore, and prove woefully inadequate in convincing anyone that these guys are transforming reality (They are, more than anything, avoiding

ALBUMS REVIEWED IN THIS ARTICLE

Who's Been Sleeping in My Brain?, Alien Sex Fiend (Fringe)
Fistful of Metal, Anthrax (Banzai)
High 'n' Dry, Def Leppard (Vertigo)
Violence and Force, Exciter (Banzai)
Kill 'em All, Metallica (Banzai)
All for One, Raven (Banzai)
At War With Satan, Venom (Banzai)
Burn the Sun, Virgin Steele (Maze)
WOW, Wendy O Williams (Passport)

and escaping it through sham myths of male supremacy) the music is both impressive and devastating.

Metallica and Anthrax are the premier bands in the new metal upswing. Hardly bothering to trade on the long and crusty solo-mongering that older metal thrives on, these young bands veer heavily toward the pulsing, powerful fluidity of youth rock.

Metallica is particularly thrilling. *Kill 'em All* isn't as well recorded as Anthrax's *Fistful of Metal* (it's rather short on bass and the drums, at times, sound papery); it isn't as uncompromising (Metallica look like a bunch of pock-faced teens); and its more "humane" vocals are less high-pitched and less macho than Anthrax's jock-wanker outpourings. Yet both albums are equally full-blooded. The rock-boogie kickabout of Metallica's "Jump in Fire" compares with Anthrax's "Subjugator", and "Deathrider", the gargantuan volley that kicks off the Anthrax disc compares favourably with Metallica's opener, "Hit the Lights."

The relative youth of these two American bands is matched in vitality by the heavy, battering noise Ottawa's Exciter dishes out. Musically simple and lyrically convoluted, *Violence and Force* displays all the true values of self-indulgent heaviness hammered out for its own sake. I'm (sort of) reminded of G.B.H. when I hear its better, searching runaway numbers. But none of these are actually as uplifting as what we get from the spikey masters. Exciter's is a huge and vacuous sound impressive only for what it does with sheer power. If you must throw the rest of the album away, you'll want to keep its definitive 80's rock anthem: "Pounding Metal."

And then, with the goals of perverting your hours of peaceful prayer comes England's Venom. They serve up Satan spewed power



Wendy O

rock so agonizingly fearsome that you'll beg God (for if there is Satan there is also God!) to save them from their drilling descent into Hades. Side One of *At War With Satan* features a long and fearsome opus guaranteed to turn off the skeptical with its pompous, single-track duration. The vocals like hoarse demon-rasps, the music rattling at a fuzzy claustrophobic crash-pace, it sets up the mood for side 2's several tracks where we descend trance-like through the gullet of darkness.

Now take Venom and live them up against the morbid glitter narcissism of Alien Sex Fiend, another English crowd, and you can almost taste the difference between Venom's fearsome minimalism and the Fiend's post-punk artiness. Still, if you're not sympathetic you'll easily laugh both these off. *Who's Been Sleeping in My Brain*'s best moments come on when they stretch new wave heaviness past the ghoul-out self-importance of their dance-drum and lukewarm guitars and do songs like "New Christian Music" and "Ignore the Machine."

Beyond such greener pastures we stumble upon the lesser of the metal. The re-release of Def Leppard's *High and Dry*—the album that proved a doormat to the subsequent success of *Pyromania*—strikes me as no big deal. Leppard is more musically intricate than is, for example, Raven with *All for One*, but both are just as bland. Leppard is (as one critic put it) "Lite-beer" metal-pop fudder for the pussy-foot crowd of mellow

rockers—whereas Raven (touring with Anthrax) would be something tougher, more 'wacko'. Yet Raven practices the sort of boring chord sequences that leave them less heady, less crushing than, say, Exciter (with whom they may be compared in their conservative ethos).

Indeed if you lean in the direction of metal virtuosity, then Long Island's Virgin Steele is the band to look to. You listen to *Burn the Sun* and you hear Deep Purple and other echos of 70's musical proficiency. The album's softer than anything Anthrax and Metallica would be up to (actually including an organ, a synth and a piano!) and it may cut across wider ranging tastes. Restraint is the name of Steele's game, while "Metal City" is one cut that should do well anywhere.

So, to the end. The end I'm thinking of here is Wendy O Williams's *Wow*. The album sounds like Quiet Riot soured on drugs and sex and anything else that's old and used up. Even with Ace Frehley and Paul Stanley doing guitar work, and with Gene Simmons doing production, it suffers. You may (for some reason) be attracted to its raunch and its undertone of tired cynicism that can only come from too much heartless sex, but it won't last long. Wendy's laryngeal articulations come good and strong on "Bump and Grind" and even get momentarily intriguing on the more "reflective numbers"—but that, folks, is about it.

—Lorenzo Buj



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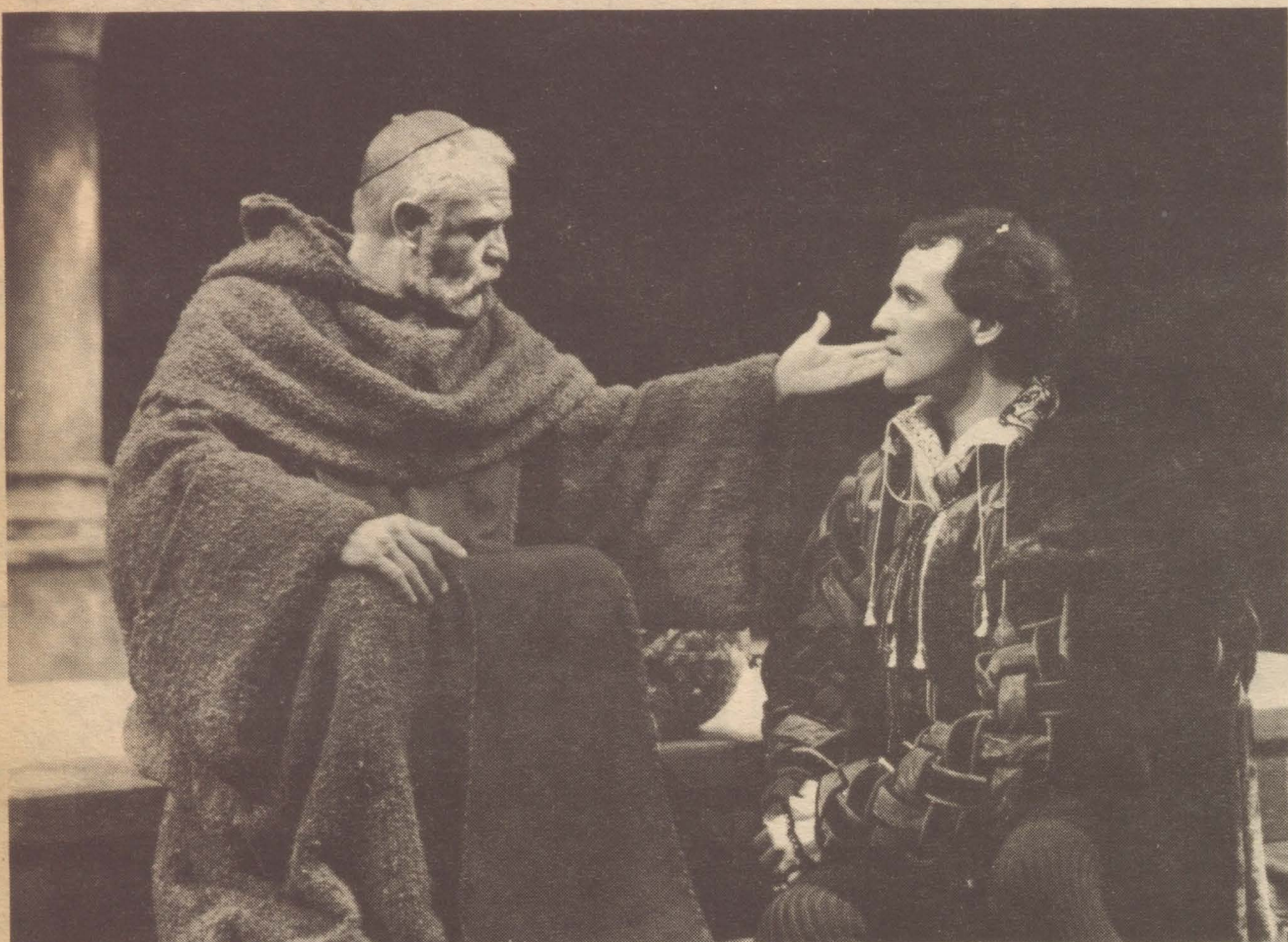
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the sense of kitchen-sink kind of detail—is contained in the sense that experience from life has been transformed into writing—excellent writing—and then is transposed on stage so that what you get is a more heightened sense of reality, of human reality. What's it like to be in a situation where you're offered a crown and a series of murders? We will, none of us, ever be in that situation. Very few of us will ever kill ourselves for love; we're far too practical. We'll make a contract saying 'when the divorce comes I'll get the car, you get the house.' ”

Acting lets you live out your fantasies then?

“Well, in the sense that I find nothing more appealing than walking across the stage in a huge silver breastplate and with a broadsword that's six feet long. I've always been attracted to the Arthurian legend, the sword in the stone thing—magic! The magic of the mind that allows you to be imaginatively transported outside yourself so that you find out something of yourself.

“Unless we keep that magic alive we become a museum, and unless you have a powerful imagination, museums are not interesting (*affects boredom*): ‘Oh, that's really neat. Suit of armour. 1600s. Henry VIII you say. That's great. He was fat, wasn't he?’ Now what we have is the potential to put a man in that costume. We can put words into his mouth. We can surround him with a court of people. We can recreate, not just rebuild factually sort of ‘this coffee cup (*lifts the one he's finally done sipping*) was found in Athens with these cracks. I'm gonna glue it together & there it is, here's the coffee cup.’ We try and let you know what whatever was in it tasted like.”

Assuming of course, that one doesn't sing one's way through a bad case of opening night nerves: Olivier having said that Shakespeare is not meant to be sung but spoken.

Colm on a role

Anita's not at all what we expected. We expected someone in her mid 30s—a self-assured but charming brunette who does publicity for John Hirsch's Stratford Festival and, in her free time, might choose to pore over Joan Didion's *Salvador* or take a look at Albert Finney's antics in *The Dresser*.

Of course we were as mistaken about Anita's age (she's actually a U of T student) as we were unsure about Colm Feore. Feore's a Boston boy who went with his mother to Dublin but then ended up in Windsor when his father first got a job in Ottawa and, finally, in these flatlands of southwestern Ontario.

Now it's a hot Wednesday afternoon in Stratford, the workers are pounding just outside our window as they make additions to the Festival Theatre, and Feore sits at a desk before us occasionally beating out on it rhythmic time as he speaks.

No wonder he's the Festival's current Romeo. He'll coil his flexible voice around anything you can put to him: yes it gets testy playing the same thing for weeks on end (*Romeo and Juliet* closes October 26); yes a risk has been taken by casting him as Romeo; yes, he has to leave his wife behind him when he comes to the Theatre and gets in groove with Sean McKenna's Juliet. (McKenna is a dear and soulful Juliet and, while Feore jousts with Richard Monette's springy-witted Mercutio, she must tug at the folksy backyard garrulousness of Pat Galloway's nurse).

Feore can talk wonderfully, he sets the pace and never lets the atmosphere fail. It goes like this—we'll say a few things then sit back and listen to him discourse amiably and with comfortable zeal. As, for example, on Romeo himself: what does Romeo feel? What kind of person is he?

“Young, impulsive, crazy, and he thinks he's in love and then finally is in love. He's pretty straightforward, he's not very complex; he's a young boy, immature, until everybody gets killed and he's banished to the forbidden forest. He follows the stars and it makes him do some stupid things like kill himself. But he's matured considerably by the end of the play.”

But he's also dead.

“He's also dead, and that's what makes him tragic.”

I've read somewhere that Romeo should have certain natural qualities—one of them being a face a 14-year-old could fall in love with, another being a soft, mellifluous voice.

“Well, I suppose it's what you're dealing with. You're dealing with the audience's pre-conceived notions, you're dealing with the fact that they can see really handsome men on CHIPS, and these people are their Romeo's: the young lovers, the juveniles, the handsome guys. Now me, I'm not handsome in that respect. I have no hair (*he does have hair*), I'm 25 years old and a bit of a geek. In fact, Richard Monette, who plays Mercutio, played the last Romeo here and when he did it at 33 they had to pencil in the back of his head. Well, I'm nearly there. So I have no illusions. I've all along been told I'd be playing the villains—Edmund in *King Lear* or I'd play other weird guys. When I got this I had to forget any notion that I'd seen Zeffirelli's film or that Romeo had to be really handsome and sweet. I saw him as sort of blonde—”

Is he a wimp?

“The thing is, he could be a wimp, he could very easily be a wimp. It depends on who's playing him. I weigh 180 pounds; I

got bones; I'm strong; when I come on stage I have a certain presence. You can't make me a wimp; there's no way. You can make me act like one, but then you'd know I was acting. If I came out doing Baby Huey acting you'd think: ‘look at this big slug, what an idiot, get him off.’ I have to say I don't give a damn about your pre-conceived notions, because you have to fall in love with me.

“If we started casting based on second-guessing an audience's notions, we'd be in a hell of a lot of trouble because we'll start looking for Romeos who look like Laurence Olivier, or sound like Laurence Olivier—actually, he wasn't a very good Romeo; or look for their modern equivalents: we'll get Samuel Bergman or we'll get—we'll get Nastassia Kinski to play Juliet. We can't do that. We just can't afford to do that.”

And what about the ‘safe’ season Stratford's having this year—doing the more popular stuff, etc.?

“You have to consider the facts of the matter: we're trying to make some money. Not everybody's going to jump out of their swimming pools and rush off to see *Cymbeline*. We were trying to do *Coriolanus* a few years back, and it was a great show, a lot of fun, but who wants to drop a picnic basket by the Avon, feeding the swans, then come in to see 14 people kill themselves? Who cares? Great tragedy—‘Ohhh mother, you've done this to me so I'll go slaughter half the village,’ or whatever. It's not something for a Sunday afternoon with the kids. If you don't give them a few laughs or a good cry not too many of them are going to go away truly ‘edified’ by a brilliant performance of *Julius Caesar*. We have a large body of people coming to the festival and just getting acquainted with it. We have to try to raise their level of understanding so that in a couple of years they'll say ‘*Timon of Athens*—that might be interesting’; or ‘I wonder how they'll treat *King Lear* or *Hamlet*,’ or whatever.”

So then, tell us about Stratford's thrust Festival mainstage. It seems to be difficult to work with because it juts out and the actor has to circle the house to enunciate for an audience that bounds him on three sides. It's much more unpopular, for example, than the proscenium-arch picture box stage.

“‘Unpopular’ is a misleading word. This stage isn't very practical for a lot of things: you wouldn't want to do an opera on it, you couldn't do a drawing room comedy, you couldn't do a light British farce, you couldn't do a modern Canadian play set in a farmhouse. But it's popular for classical plays. The best classical plays don't require a ‘set’ so a lot of the money and time you would spend in building sets is put into costumes, and our costumes are absolutely detailed and, for the most part, historically accurate—so that's where the richness is.

“In fact we're much more real than the proscenium arch because when I walk out on stage you can see my back, you can see my eyes, you can see everything. There's no place to hide. In a proscenium arch you can see only what's presented to you. I mean, on it I could turn upstage and go (*holds his nose*) ‘eeeeeeeeeh, you gotta look at ‘em now.’ On a stage like ours it's very difficult to do anything other than classical plays—Shakespeare, Marlowe, Moliere, and if you design them right you can get away with Chekhov, Strindberg, and things like that.”

Well, then, how about that classical theatre?

“You must never think that the classical theatre is a distant, cultural museum. The realism—and I don't mean realism in



Above: Colm Feore, sussed out for story and interview by Lance Lotus eaters Lorenzo Buj and Desmond McGrath

Above left: Lewis Gordon (Friar Laurence) and Feore in Stratford's current production of “Romeo and Juliet”

“It's very true. Both Shakespeare's poetry and prose have inherent rhythms and musical patterns. That doesn't mean they have to be sung, but that the music of the human voice, just as it is, lends itself to certain patterns. The English is not as obscure as people think of it on the page; when you first pick up a play and look at it on the page it's difficult, but, generally speaking, the poetry is so clear. The audiences get more than just each word you say. Audiences hear thoughts, they hear a line of meaning. The audience will hear the actor's intonation, and finally the author's intention, and the poetry will come as just a magical second thing to that. So you don't have to be singing (*he affects an absurd delivery*) ‘I'll met by moonlight, proud Titania’ because if you do they're not going to understand it because they'll hear you singing.”

Does every actor at Stratford know this?

“Well, it's a long discovery process. There's also the problem of finding a place where to hang your hat during 90 line speeches—where to put the emphasis, where to break the line. As Romeo I have the lines:

*See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!*

I choose to make the word ‘touch’ important. I ask, in my mind: what might I like to do? What? What? I'd like to (*a pause, and the next word floats soft as down through the air*) ‘touch’ her. So all of a sudden you raise the energy level, the boiling point of this thing; and the audience hearing that, they go (*imitates audience's anticipation*): ‘Might what? Might—touch!’

“Shakespeare has given us all these clues. The more aware of them we are, the clearer our lines of verse and the less likely are we to sing. Because singing you do when you're scared, when you don't know what the f*** you're doing.”